The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 109. Vol. XIX. OCTOBER, 1900. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Annie Wakeman, the author of the very successful and clever "Autobiography of a Charwoman," is Mrs. Annie Lathrop, the wife of the United States Consul at Bristol. We regret to hear that Mrs. Lathrop is at present an invalid, recovering from a long and serious illness, and it will be several weeks before she is able to resume literary work again. Her next book will be published by Mr. Macqueen, to whose skilful management the author attributes much of her success.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has now finished his revision of "Tommy and Grizel" for publication in book form. It will be found that considerable changes have been made, and that the effect is to make the character of the hero more lovable. It is expected that Messrs. Cassell will issue the volume about the end of October.

When Dr. Morrison, the well-known Pekin correspondent of the *Times*, was in England, he completed arrangements for the publication of a book which he is now writing, and which is to deal with his experiences in China. Since Dr. Morrison returned to Pekin much new material of the most interesting nature has become available.

"Kim of the Rishti" begins in *Cassell's Magazine* in January. It will run for eleven months, and is about 100,000 words—almost the longest book which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has yet written.

Like Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the brilliant writer of "Senator North," Mr. Robert Barr has been drawn by the subject of American politics, and intends to write a novel in which they will be dealt with. No writer of fiction can hope to treat such a theme without provoking much hostile criticism, but the criticism may be by no means prejudicial to the prosperity of the book.

Early in the year a new review will make its appearance. We defer particulars to a later date, but it may be confidently said that the plan of the review is unique, and that it neither imitates nor competes with any periodical now in the market.

"Professor" R. L. Garner, who came over to London a good few years ago with a plan for going to Africa and living in cages to learn the language of monkeys, has been almost forgotten, and his proceedings were the subject of some very severe criticisms in *Truth*. He is still alive, however, and is about to publish a new book called "Apes and Monkeys: their Life and Language," through Messrs. Ginn and Co. We have not heard that any English publisher has undertaken the work.

Messrs. Appleton announce that they will publish "Some Women I have Known," by Maarten Maartens. The book has not yet been announced in England, but we believe we are correct in saying that it will be issued by Mr. Heinemann. We regret to hear that the distinguished author has been for some time in very indifferent health.

Mr. E. W. Hornung is passing the proofs of "Peccavi," his new novel, which is to be published by Grant Richards. For this, Mr. Hornung has said good-bye to Australia, and in it amateur cracksmen find no place. The characters live in Yorkshire, and the plot is of "The Scarlet Letter" type.

The third act of Mr. Stephen Phillips's new play was lost for some time by Mr. Tree last month, to the consternation of everybody concerned in the management of Her Majesty's Theatre. The case was the more serious in that no other copy was in existence, and peace was not declared until the manuscript, after days of hiding, discovered itself.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge is to lecture at the Mansfield House Settlement, E., early next month on "Happy London." The three-act comedy, called "The Yellow 'Bus," which he has written with Mr. Murray Carson, will probably be produced at about Christmas.

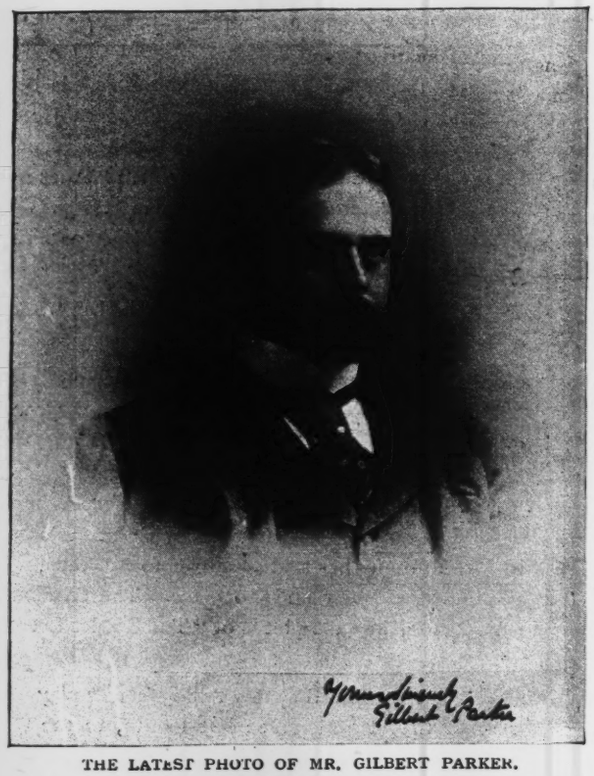
Mr. Max Beerbohm has been asked to do the caricature pictures for the Christmas number of the *World*, the work performed for so many years with conspicuous success by the late Mr. Alfred Bryan.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's next novel will deal with a subject similar to that of his previous books, but the treatment will be found less continuously humorous. The scene will be laid in a port on the East Coast.

Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, has in preparation an exhaustive bibliography of Austin Dobson. Five hundred ordinary copies and fifty large paper copies are to be printed for England and America.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's new book of "Sketches and Tales of French-Canadian Life," which will be published at once by Mr. Heinemann, contains a long dedication to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, from which we are permitted to quote the following interesting tribute: "Since I first began to write these tales in 1892, I have had it in my mind to dedicate to you the 'bundle of life' when it should be com-

plete. It seemed to me—and it seems so still—that to put your name upon the covering of my parcel—as one should say, *In care of*—when it went forth, was to secure its safe and considerate delivery to that public of the Empire which is so much in your debt. . . . To you, sir, I come with this book which contains the first things



THE LATEST PHOTO OF MR. GILBERT PARKER.
Photo by Van der Weyde.

I ever wrote out of the life of the province so dear to you, and the last things also that I shall ever write. I beg you to receive it as the loving recreation of one who sympathises with the people of whom you come and honours their virtues, and who has no fear for the unity and no doubt as to the splendid future of the nation, whose fibre is got of the two great civilising races of Europe."

Mr. T. Edgar Wallace, the author of "Writ in Barracks," is about to publish a volume embodying his experiences during the Boer War. It will probably include a considerable portion of the very able and interesting letters which he contributed to the *Daily News*.

The new novel which Lucas Malet is to publish next year is nearing completion, and is, we learn, to be entitled "The History of Sir Richard Calmady." Messrs. Methuen and Co. will publish it in this country, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. in America.

Mr. Baring Gould is engaged in writing a new series of short stories, as well as a new novel, for the proprietors of *To-day*.

We hear that the new novel which Mr. Stanley Weyman is to contribute to the *Cornhill* next year is to be entitled "Count Hannibal."

Amongst the contributors of fiction to *To-day* in the new year will be Mr. Oliver Onions, the author of "The Compleat Bachelor," the very clever book with which Mr. John Murray elected to start his new series of half-crown books. Mr. Onions will be represented with a series of short stories which are to be published under the general title of "Studio No. 4."

Messrs. Sands and Company will publish early in the new year Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, "The Fugitives." The novel was very successful as a serial when running through Messrs. Sir W. C. Leng and Co.'s syndicate of newspapers.

The Bishop of Ripon has completed for Isbister and Co. a volume on "The Religious Spirit in the Poets." The subject has already engaged the attention of other writers, but we may expect something at once fresh in treatment and in knowledge from Dr. Boyd Carpenter, who is himself a poet.

In the midst of his many engagements as Vicar of Portsea, the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang has found time to write a volume in which he treats of "The Miracles of Jesus as Marks of the Way of Life." The book will be issued by Messrs. Isbister about the end of October.

Messrs. Isbister are preparing for publication a volume of the Rev. John Bacon's voyages and experiments as a balloonist. The book, which should be an interesting addition to our scientific knowledge of cloudland, is entitled "By Land and Sky."

Mr. Alexis Krausse, who has become the standard authority on China, and has just published still another book on the subject with Messrs. Cassell and Co., was at one time a regular member of the staff of the *Globe*. After that he founded and conducted to great advantage the *Lock to Lock Times*. Mr. Krausse possesses an amazing library, is a fluent French and German scholar, and altogether a very brilliant journalist.

"Parson Peter" is the title of the novel which Mr. Arthur Norway is publishing almost immediately through Mr. John Murray. It is a powerful tale of the Dart, and richly coloured in all its local phases.

Evidently the publishers do not believe in the distracting excitements of this general election. October 10th, the date originally chosen for the publication of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisante," is to be adhered to by Messrs. Methuen, who are making no changes at all in their autumn arrangements.

"A Tragedy of Errors" is the title which Miss Geraldine Hodgson has chosen for her new novel, to be published very shortly by Mr. George Allen.

Mr. Chichester, of the Century Company, and Mr. Buell, one of the Associate Editors of the *Century*, have been making a short stay in London on their way home to New York from Paris.

We hear that all English authors who have books in the hands of Messrs. Appleton and Co. have now been paid by the Reorganization Committee all royalties and other monies due to them up to March 22nd last, the date at which the Receiver was appointed. It is said that Messrs. Appleton start business again in a stronger financial position than they have ever been in before.

"Love and the Soul Hunters" is not, as recently announced in a contemporary, the title of Mrs. Craigie's new novel which is to be published in *Harper's Magazine*. "Love and the Soul Hunters" will be published serially in this country in a well-known illustrated weekly, and afterwards in book form by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

We hear that Mr. Daniel Frohman is about to send both "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" on tour again this autumn. In the meantime Messrs. Hawkins and Rose's latest play, "English Nell," continues to draw full houses and seems likely to do so for some time to come.

Mr. Bret Harte is writing a new serial story for publication in the *Century Magazine*. The title has not yet been fixed.

Messrs. Appleton and Co. are to be the American publishers of Mr. F. Anstey's remarkably clever and brilliant novel, "The Brass Bottle." It will be issued in this country by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

"America" is the title selected for Charles Dana Gibson's new book of drawings.

Mr. Murray deserves to be heartily congratulated on the first number of his *Monthly Review*. We cannot recall any new periodical which has had such complete justice done to it by its publisher. The print is most pleasing, almost as pleasing as that of the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson. The one drawback is that ordinary writing appears most ordinary when it is put in such type, type which one almost thinks should be reserved for such prose as Dryden's Prefaces and the Lives of the Poets. The cover is very handsome, the illustrations are up to the highest level, and the detail work is almost perfect. Even the advertisements are printed on fine art paper, while the charge for them is very moderate. The contents are, on the whole, satisfactory, though Mr. Newbolt's "Ode to the Nile," bright and spirited as it is, is not one of his best pieces of work. To rhyme singer and linger is a more than questionable proceeding. On the other hand, Mr. Quiller Couch's paper on T. E. Brown is in every way admirable. Mr. Couch speaks with proper caution of that somewhat unhappy publication, the Life and Letters given to the world by Mr. Irwin, and reviewed elsewhere in our columns. He goes so far, however, as to say that "to scholarship imposed upon and penetrating a taste natural enough, we owe the rare flavour of the many literary judgments scattered about his letters. They have a taste of native earth beautifully rarified; to change the metaphor, they illuminate the page with a kind of lambent common sense." Mr. Couch writes as a pupil, and gives us some suggestive personal glimpses. He remarks that the Cliftonians "were conscious of a rich and honourable possession in him, rather than of an active influence." His picture of Brown's appearance is vivid: "A sturdy, thick-set figure, inclining to rotundity, yet athletic; a face extraordinarily mobile, bushy eyebrows, eyes at once deeply and radiantly human, yet holding the primitive faun in their coverts; a broad mouth, made for broad natural laughter, hearty without loudness." "There are nice Rabelaisians and there are nasty, but the latter are not Rabelaisians. 'I have an idea,' he claimed, 'that my judgment within this area is invaluable.' And it was." . . . "Imagine all this overlaid with a certain brilliance of bearing suggestive of the high and dry Oxford scholar." The contribution by the Amir of Afghanistan, "Details in my Daily Life," is a great prize, and all the articles are worth reading. The review commences with three editorial papers on subjects of the day, well written, though slightly obscure in their drift. In order to justify their place at the head of a great review like this, such articles ought to be very strong and very individual indeed. The *Monthly Review* has our heartiest good wishes.

Among the earliest of Mr. Murray's new books will be the cheap reprint of "The Origin of Species" and the little volume which bears the attractive title, "An Englishman's Love Letters." About this book Mr. Murray says: "It is obviously necessary that these letters should be anonymous, but the publisher, without holding himself in any way responsible for their authorship, confidently hopes that their special characteristics will be considered fully to justify their publicatio n."

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying new portrait of Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet), whose new novel is reviewed on another page.

The new number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* contains some specially attractive features. Among them we may

MARY ST. LEGER HARRISON (LUCAS MALET).
From Photo by Edmund W. Evans, Church Street, Kensington, W.

mention "London after Forty Years," by Sir Wemyss Reid; "Some Portraits of Emma Lady Hamilton," by Lord Ronald Gower; "Shelley's Views on Art," by Dr. Garnett; and "Tolstoy and Turgenieff," by Edward Garnett.

The war has had one of its few good results in increasing the receipts of the evening papers. A penny Conservative journal, which has not hitherto been consistently prosperous, despite frequent change of editors, has during the last twelve months paid its owner twenty-five per cent. on his investment.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

AUGUST 20TH TO SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1900.

Were a census of opinion to be taken throughout the trade, it would doubtless result in the verdict that the past month has been the quietest throughout the present year. It is to be hoped that low-water mark has at length been reached, and indeed as we write indications are not wanting that the tide is now on the turn, although it would certainly be hazardous to prophesy, with a Parliamentary election in view, any extensive improvement in the near future.

The complaint is very general that the book-buying public have for a considerable period limited their purchases to fiction, quite to the neglect of the more solid kinds of literature. The 6s. novel is still the *pièce de résistance*, and has composed almost the total amount of business transacted. "A Master of Craft," by W. W. Jacobs; "Winefred," by S. B. Gould; "The Fourth Generation," by Sir W. Besant; "The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg," by Mark Twain, together with others by popular authors, have appeared and have sold well. They have, however, been quite overshadowed by Marie Corelli's "The Master Christian," the sales of which have been phenomenal.

Works on Sport have continued to be in steady demand. The scholastic world has been in evidence, although there does not appear to have been such a large demand for this particular class of book as has been experienced in former years. The number of translations from classical authors are, however, a distinct feature in the present educational season, and the various subjects of Geography, History, and Science now treated in the graded reader form are so numerous, most of them enjoying a brisk circulation, that it is extremely difficult to designate any as preponderating.

There has been no work of importance upon China issued during the month, but some of the works previously mentioned in these columns have commanded a steady sale.

"With the Boer Forces," by C. H. Hillegas, has sold well, and "The Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed," by C. H. Thomas, has been in frequent demand; whilst 'The Absent Minded War," by a British officer, still continues to move briskly.

Sales of Sixpenny Reprints, although diminishing slightly as the holiday season closes, have been very extensive throughout the month. They occasion, however, a large amount of extra labour and packing with a minimum amount of remuneration. A gentleman having recently entered a West-End shop and purchased one copy, cost price 4½d., requested that it might be sent to his address, situated at a distance of about one and a half miles. Verily the public have been educated to expect good value for money expended.

The advent of the *Monthly Review* takes place as we go to press, and a fair amount of orders have been placed for the first number.

The following is a list of books most in demand during the month:—

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)
Senator North. By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (J. Lane.)
The Attaché at Peking. By A. B. F. Mitford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
A Courtesy Dame. By R. M. Gilchrist. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Meiklejohn's Educational Works.
The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Fourth Generation. By Sir W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
Origin of the Boer War Revealed. By C. H. Thomas. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
With the Boer Forces. By H. C. Hillegas. 6s. (Methuen.)
China, the Long-Lived Empire. By E. R. Scidmore. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Sixpenny Reprints—

Tess of the D'Urbervilles. By T. Hardy. (Harper.)
When a Man's Single. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Man in Black. By S. J. Weyman. (Cassell.)
With many others.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Aug. 25—Very quiet in all departments.
Sept. 1—Quiet in Home departments, somewhat brisker in Colonial and Foreign.
„ 8—A slight improvement all round.
„ 15—Again very quiet in both Home and Export.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

AUGUST 20TH TO SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1900.

The delay in publishing new works which characterised the early summer, and the large quantity of sixpenny reprints issued, had an injurious effect on the total business done during the tourist season. Of course there was the usual brisk sale for any work describing the picturesque or romantic districts of the Highlands, and local booksellers were not behind in providing for this demand. On the whole, however, the tourist season was disappointing, and certainly not so good as that of last year.

The school-book orders were exceptionally heavy, and as most of the higher class institutions have not resumed, it is evident that this department of business will prove a record one. The competition amongst school-book publishers grows keener every year, and the number of competitors increases.

Above all question the long-promised novel by Marie Corelli, "The Master Christian," proved the book of the month, the sales exceeding all expectations. Very good orders were freely booked for Mr. Barrie's new work, "Tommy and Grizel," to be published immediately. Following "The Master Christian," the four most successful six-shilling novels were "The Fourth Generation," by Sir W. Besant; "The Infidel," by M. E. Braddon; "A Master of Craft," by W. W. Jacobs; and "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," by Mark Twain.

Guy Boothby's "Prince of Swindlers" continued to lead as the best selling five-shilling novel, and in sixpenny reissues of popular works quite a dozen of importance were issued.

By the publication of the third volume of Dr. Hastings' new "Dictionary of the Bible," that valuable work had much attention drawn to it, and there was still a steady demand for Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's encyclopædic book on the "Temperance Problem."

Booksellers were reminded of the approach of Christmas by the numerous booklets issued by Messrs. Tuck and

Messrs. Nister, and the placing of orders for the Christmas numbers and annual volumes.

War literature continued steadily to decline, although a fair sale was still obtained for "An Absent-Minded War," by a British officer; "Why Kruger Made War," by J. A. Buttery; "With the Boer Forces," by H. C Hillegas; and Thomas' "Origin of the Boer War Revealed."

The usual large sale of magazines at this season was prominent. The leading features in this department were the appearance of Mr. John Murray's *Monthly Review*, for which there were many enquiries, and the continued demand for *Blackwood*, with the second article by Captain Haldane, entitled "How we Escaped from Pretoria."

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Six-shilling Novels:—

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Fourth Generation. By Sir W. Besant. (Chatto.)
A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen.)
The Infidel. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin.)
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. By M. Twain. (Chatto.)
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.)
The Soft Side. By Henry James. (Methuen.)
Winifred. By S. Baring Gould. (Methuen.)
Sons of the Morning. By E. Philpotts. (Methuen.)
Jezebel. By R. Pryce. (Hutchinson.)
Senator North. By Gertrude Atherton. (Lane.)
The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)

Sixpenny Reissues of Popular Books:—

Father Anthony. By Robert Buchanan.
Father Stafford. By Anthony Hope.
A Fair Fraud. By Mrs. Lovell Cameron.
Man in Black. By Stanley Weyman.
Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope.
Peggy of the Bartons. By B. M. Croker.

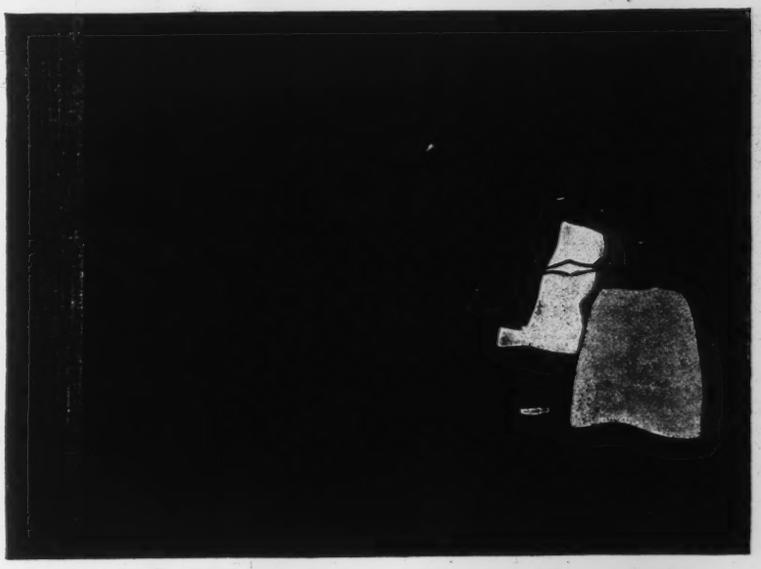
Miscellaneous:—

The Prince of Swindlers. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
Why Kruger Made War. By J. A. Buttery. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree. 6s. (Hodder.)
An Absent-Minded War. By a British Officer. 1s. (Milne.)

SOME AUTUMN BOOK COVERS.

Mr. Dacre Adams is responsible for the cover of a novel just published by Messrs. Harpers, entitled "The Slaves of Society." It is a very effective piece of work, and is carried out in pale pink, white, and black on a pale grass-green linen.

Miss Edith Farmiloe's new children's book, "Piccallili," has an effective cover designed by the author, of which we give a reproduction. The book is published by Mr. Grant Richards.



The cover for Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel, "The Conscience of Coralie," is an adaptation from one of Mr. Townsend's drawing by F. R. Kimborough. The cover is effectively carried out by James Burn and Co., Ltd., in black and white on a pale green linen ground. The book is published by Messrs. Pearsons.

The cover for "The Man with the Parrots," the late Mr. Eric Bayley's new mystery story that will be published shortly by Messrs. Sands and Co., is the work of Mr. F. R. Kimborough. It is an extremely effective design, admirably adapted to the subject of the book.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., have produced a very artistic and effective cover for "Songs of Near and Far Away." The material is a pale yellow linen, and the design is worked out in an almond green and black.

The Reader.

WHAT I THINK OF "THE MASTER-CHRISTIAN."*

By the Rt. Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.

How should one treat a novel which is also a new gospel? If you complain that great religious questions are discussed with flippant ignorance, you will be reminded that it is only a romance. If you dwell upon its bad English, and its absurd treatment of subjects upon which most children of twelve years could correct it, you will be rebuked for treating as mere literature what should be approached as an ethical and doctrinal pronouncement. But in the case of "The Master Christian" manner and substance are admirably matched. To come at its teaching we must submit to such writing as the following:—"Those *whom* I know and see are beneath me" (268); "Persons *whom* he knows are utterly unsuitable" (601); "It *happened*, as fate would have it, . . that the rector *happened* to be away" (274). Certain windows "altogether deprive the would-be inquisitive stranger *from* the possibility of peering within" (288), in which sentence the stranger is not only deprived "from," but is reluctantly prevented from being inquisitive as well as from peering. The Cardinal is "so different *to* other churchmen" (117). One who is desirous of making a sick child to be "a well boy" (81) utters for him the following prayer: "We do pray Thee *so* to uplift and strengthen this child's soul, *that* if it is destined he should be called upon to bear his present pain and trouble, *grant* him such perfection," etc. (82). Brilliance is constantly "luminance," and sometimes it is even luminousness (260). And what shall we say to this: "The door was open—Aubrey would always have it so, *lest* any poor creature might need a moment's rest, and *resting thankfully might see a Cross and perchance find help in prayer*" (628). It is quite an ordinary redundancy which speaks of "the *necessary* courage *required*" (228), and again of "a *universal* dissatisfaction which *most* intelligent people have" (458). And what part of a Roman Catholic service is "the middle or the *afterwards* of a noisy mass"? (181).

It is not the literary merit of this book which will extenuate any failures in its higher teaching.

This is conveyed to us through many remarkable channels.

A good Cardinal, uneasy about the condition of his church, finds a weeping child, who is our Lord Himself; loves Him; and at last brings Him to the Pope. Him the mysterious child lectures into a fit with about six pages of the most characteristic writing, not entirely in the Gospel style, but including, to compensate us for that, some flowery discourse about our world as "the Sorrowful Star." It is fair to say that elsewhere the treatment of this audacious theme—Christ as a child, no longer "subject unto" his parents as at Nazareth, but lecturing all and sundry—is less offensive than one might fear; and that the Cardinal, despite some curious blots, is an impressive figure.

There is a French Socialist who has maintained himself as a labourer while with his supreme genius he commanded "more than one-half of the thoughts of France"; who (as he modestly declares) "allowed his brain to lie fallow and to absorb everything of nature that was complex, grand and beautiful"; who had made himself as eloquent in English as in French, because France was a decadent nation; who said "I must, I *will*, speak for the dumb mouths of the nations! And every unit that can so speak or so write should hasten to turn itself into a Pentecostal tongue of fire to blaze and burn a warning" (242).

From these and other fine persons, and from the author direct, we gather that it becomes a modern Italian to be thoroughly atheistical, and that there are really no atheists in the world (297, 229); that persons who know, who think, are not led by the Church of Rome, but by the Church of Christ, and that Christ had no Church (498, 225); that He was Himself a Socialist, and that equality of riches is impossible and would lead to chaos (33, 500).

The enemy in this book is the clergy, of all sorts. And if it were temperately said that much of the world's wrong is due to their shortcoming and their sin, what clergyman would deny it, or blame the most indignant effort to awaken them? But when we are told that the inquirer finds "at every step some amazing hypocrisy—some deed of darkness and bigotry and cruelty" (270) among the English clergy; and that the words "full of hypocrisy and iniquity" apply fittingly to "more than half of the preachers of the Gospel at the present day" (183), and that they are "fulfilling the words of the Lord—'full of extortion and excess'" (243); and when we are told that a respectable clergyman promises heaven to the millionaire "on account of the money he has left to the church in his will" (281), the subjects of this reckless vituperation know well that it cannot injure any person but the author. They can leave it to the judgment of every sane man.

We are told that for "the outside world" it may be difficult to obey literally the commands of Christ, but to do this is the duty of ministers of religion (45). But the question at once arises, Is it literally that they were means to be obeyed? This would abolish gradations of rank in society as much as in the church, but this book condemns one, while it declares the other to be inevitable:—"The very idea of rank is anti-Christian" (85). "Fraternity in position [*is*] . . . by Nature's law impossible" (500). And may a child call no man father? In a world where, as we have just seen, there must be gradations of wealth, are we to give away everything, and thus become the poor to whom, in turn, the newly enriched must surrender all? This would be so absurd that, instinctively perhaps and unconsciously, the text which is most frequently quoted in this romance is always falsified. Christ said, "Sell that thou hast"; but it is always printed, "Sell half"! (85, 283, 311, etc.). So audacious is the change that one turns to the authorities to see whether there may not be some shred or vestige of justification for the blunder—the more unpardonable in one who can read through the New Testament "easily in an hour" (187).

There is even worse behind. As early as p. 16 we have

* "The Master-Christian." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

a curious meditation; and since it is attributed to the Cardinal, it cannot be due to any arbitrary rejection of the gospel narratives, such as we have next to consider. Here it is: "It was not without some subtle cause of intended instruction that the Saviour always taught His followers in the open air." All the evangelists contradict this assertion upon almost every page. St. Matthew tells us that three of the first seven parables were spoken in the house; that "He taught them in the synagogue"; that in the temple He uttered at one time several parables and the great denunciation. St. Mark tells us of His teaching such crowds in a house, that persons who were bent on reaching Him were forced to break up the roof. But the point is not worth arguing; the assertion, and the "subtle" lesson to be learned, would be laughed at by any decently taught class in Sunday-school. And there is still worse ignorance, still more audacious presumption, behind even this.

This book, which preaches universal forgiveness, cannot understand the finest of all examples of it. Peter, whom his Lord forgave, is a lying apostle and a coward; and his commission has to be got rid of. And this is the way: "Who that has read, and thought, *and travelled, and studied the manuscripts hidden away in the old monasteries of Armenia and Syria*, believes that the Saviour of the world ever condescended to pun on the word Petrus?" (225). Now this means nothing, unless it means that there is known to be some such manuscript which slightly shakes the absolutely unanimous testimony to the verse in question. But there is none. Miss Corelli has invented her facts.

It is enough. And yet, lest some reader should suppose that this amount of presumption is incredible, let us pluck one other flower. Science is a fine thing. The twelve gates of pearl were a prophecy of the sciences, then unknown, through which we (or at least the laity) are turning "from forms and shadows of faith to the true Faith itself—from descriptions of a possible heaven to the real Heaven, which is being disclosed to us in transcendent glimpses through a jewel gate of science"! (226). And now, here is the science of "The Master-Christian": "All we do and all we say is merely the adding of figures to a sum . . . every figure tells—*the figure 'nought' especially, puts an extra thousand on the whole quantity*"! (194-5). Truly this "'nought' *especially*" is good. And so is "The Master Christian."

One of the Literary Portraits of the Year.

WILFRID S. BLUNT.

By G. F. Watts, R.A. Exhibited in the New Gallery. Reproduced by kind permission of the Hon. Mrs. Lytton, and specially photographed for The Bookman by Mr. F. Hollyer.

By Dr. Joseph Parker.

It is more than an inconvenience that one cannot speak of a creed or a policy without being suspected of personal *animus*. When shall we get into the higher air in which we can discuss systems without judging persons? For my own part, strong Protestant as I am, I do not hesitate to say that some of the best people I know are not only Roman Catholics, but Roman Catholic priests. On matters of religious opinion I differ from them *in toto*; yet I gratefully appreciate their personal virtues and their intellectual gifts. I do not, therefore, regard Marie Corelli's book as so much an attack upon persons as a tremendous onslaught on a great religious doctrine and policy. In this regard it must never be over looked that the finest character in "The Master-Christian" is a Cardinal of the Church of Rome. I hold this to be a vital point in estimating the book. Cardinal Bonpré is as fine a specimen of a great man and great Christian as can be found in religious history. With the Cardinal on one side and the contrastive characters on the other, the picture is approximately complete alike in technical art and in moral justice. The Church that could produce a Bonpré must have produced a multitude of similar saints.

In estimating the value of any of Marie Corelli's books, the writer must always be judged by the environment which she has chosen for herself. Miss Corelli is the Ouida of England. Neither the one nor the other can be bound by conventional limitations. I may prefer another environment, but my opinion is not invited; I must therefore simply take the writer's environment and allow her to fix her own framework and her own apparatus. Miss Corelli paints in vermilions and purples, and makes free use of storm-clouds and sudden tempests, not disdaining the gentler rainbow or the tranquil dawn. She is nothing if not pictorial. There are no bald heads in her crowded

galleries; round every brow there is a far-radiating nimbus, or above it is an aureole seen afar. This framework we must look for. It is part of the bargain. Within this framework we must find the story. It must occasion us no surprise if volcanoes are thrown into the midst of the sea, or stars are stringed into beaded necklets to adorn some mystic figure unimaginable by duller brains. Take all that for granted, and then go in quest of the story. You say you would like something more domestic, something nearer to the common turnpike of daily life; but you cannot find a railway time-table in the annals of mythology, and Miss Corelli cannot halt to provide you with cheese and ale. In her pages the sky is red and lowering and the wind bloweth where it listeth—take the conditions or reject them.

Are the accusations against the Roman Church and her priesthood true? Yes; as a parable is true. The same accusations could be brought against any church that has lived five centuries. These are not sectarian treacheries; they are human crimes. All these plottings and counter-plottings, these cunning policies, these cruel reprisals, were human before they were popish. That every one of them is true in substance I have not the shadow of a doubt. Miss Corelli has fearlessly, perhaps defiantly, held a searchlight over the darkest chambers of Romanism—I believe it—I acknowledge the intrepidity—I only wonder how the innermost places of Protestantism could bear the pitiless beam of the same challenge.

"Manuel" is a wondrous conception. He is the Christ of the earlier book "Barabbas." The full name is, of course, Immanuel. Seldom has author attempted a more delicate task; one thoughtless touch would have destroyed the whole beauty; this holy, gentle, mighty character has been breathed rather than written. This is in very deed in its own way "a miraculous conception." It is undoubtedly so that Christ does come into the world—in childhood, in want, in unspeakable sorrow—ever the enigma, yet ever the hope of the world.

I heartily thank the brilliant author for her thrilling book, and I gratefully bid her take heart of grace, and crown her work of honest denunciation by seeking and saving whatever has gone astray. Her power of denunciation it would be difficult to surpass. Such power is needed more and more. We have had enough, and more than enough, of toothless biting. What we still want is a voice that bids the wanderer return, and a ministry that combines the two great texts—"Our God is a consuming fire"—"God is love."

By Ian Maclaren.

This book is not a novel in the sense of a study of life without bias or purpose: it is a pamphlet to prove a case, and one ought not therefore to try "The Master Christian" by the ordinary standards of fiction. When at an early stage our Lord comes into the story as a foundling and henceforward attends Cardinal Bonpré in all circumstances, and the Cardinal works a miracle on a cripple child, the reader understands that he has passed away from the region of reality and is to move in a world of Miss Corelli's imagination. Perhaps after that all one ought to ask of the writer is that she be in earnest and interesting, and both qualities may be readily granted. And, although it may be difficult for some to believe this, the book, even with its daring introduction of Christ, is not really irreverent.

The book is a plea that the Christian Church should reform her creed along the lines of science, and her ethics along the line of socialism, and takes the form of an indictment of the Roman Church—and the Anglican Church, so far as that Church is High—for bigotry, inhumanity, and corruption. There is a constant contrast made between the life of Christ and that of His modern representatives, and one is reminded of such books as "Joshua Davidson," "Modern Christianity a Civilised Heathenism," and "Stephen Remarx," whose titles I write from memory, and which I venture to think are abler books. In "The Master Christian" there is also what may be called a sub-plea on behalf of distinguished women, who are supposed to be envied, slandered, and denied their rights, and this is illustrated on the grand scale, when the fiancé of the heroine, who is, of course, a lady of peerless beauty and unique artistic genius, assassinates her, because she paints better than himself. The Divine Child saves Angela Sovrani, and Providence is thus made the champion of talented women, which is a very comfortable doctrine.

This vindication of womanhood against a callous world is only a bye-play, however, and the strength of the authoress is given to a sustained invective against the Church of Rome. No doubt much may be made of the hopelessness of the Roman dogma and the pomp of her higher clergy, but Miss Corelli prejudices her case with the jury by exaggeration and unfairness. Among the important clericals of the book there is only one good man—the Cardinal—who suggests Victor Hugo's famous Bishop, and is, indeed, incredibly unworldly. The others are all bad and mostly immoral. Cazeau, secretary to the Archbishop of Rouen, has ruined a girl, by whom he is in the end murdered; the Abbé Vergniaud has also betrayed a young woman, and their son tries to murder him as he is preaching; Monsignor Gherardi keeps a Neapolitan dancer, and Moretti was so venomous and evil-looking a wretch that when the Cardinal put him to confusion by his charity, "his furtive eyes disappeared for a moment under his discoloured eyelids, which quivered violently, like the throbbings in the throat of an angry snake." When Angela Sovrani paints the typical priest, which is said to be mercilessly true to life, "it is with low beetling brows—a sensual cruel mouth with a loose projecting underlip—eyes that appeared to be furtively watching each other across the thin bridge of nose—a receding chin and a narrow cranium, combined with an expression which was hypocritically humble yet sly." The suggestion is that, with a few exceptions, the Roman priest is a cunning, sensual beast, and that not in South America, where clericalism has sunk to the dregs, but in Europe. One may not like the priestly theory of the Church, and one may have a strong conviction that the priestly mind has been a hindrance to political and religious freedom, and yet one may regret this delineation of the Roman clergy as a slander. It may be safely said that no body of men live more economically or

hardly than the Roman priests in our own country, and as regards the "low beetling brows and sensual cruel mouth," I think of the many devoted priests I have known in my own city and the dear old Highland priests of past days, and with all respect to a talented writer, whom I do not really wish to assassinate, I desire to protest against this attack on a body of Christ's servants.

With regard to the indifference of the Church to the people, the Church certainly ought to have shown more sympathy with the proletariat, but it is a question whether Christ's ministers in town and country have not done more for the poor of the people by a hundred charities than demagogues like that blatant wind-bag, Gys Grandit, who tried to kill his father in church in order to obtain a wider notoriety. By the way, one may congratulate Miss Corelli on the "Christian Democrat," whose tiresome posing, enormous vanity, and inexhaustible bombast are "mercilessly true to life."

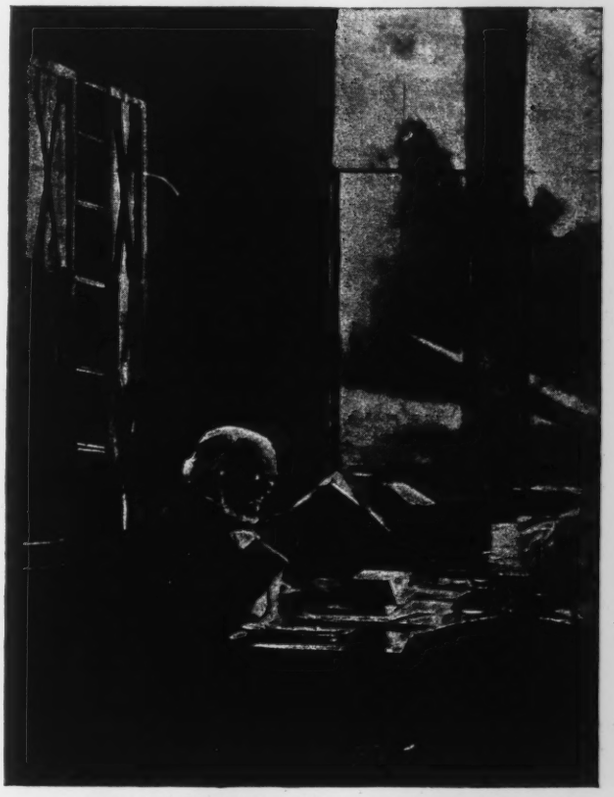
It is a pleasure to congratulate the authoress on her most eloquent style, and especially on her wealth of dramatic incidents. A miracle—two, or say three, assassinations—an interview between Christ and the Pope—a duel in which two brothers, equally immoral, kill one another—the burning of the villain by a mad monk—an Anglican clergyman refusing to bury a child, born out of wedlock, of which he was the father—the marriage of Aubrey Leigh to an Austro-Hungarian of enormous wealth, before four thousand socialists, with a service of his own devising, including a sermon, of course—and the reception at death of Saint Felix by the Christ Child, make a rich feast.

One other feature of the book must be noticed even in this short review: everybody, good and bad, lay and cleric, preaches on the slightest provocation, and at interminable length. Indeed, "The Master Christian" may be described as a volume of sermons divided by murders, and if the book be a popular success, as one anticipates, it will prove that the British public oscillates between horrors and homilies, and finds their combination irresistible.

By Dr. William Barry.

What I think of Miss Corelli's books and of Miss Corelli's religion as displayed in them, I have said elsewhere with perhaps sufficient emphasis. Most certainly, had I not been asked, I should never have dreamt of reading "The Master-Christian," still less of reviewing it. As a student of literature, English or foreign, ancient or modern, I do not feel deeply concerned in a story of which the language, accent, and composition are so peculiarly Miss Corelli's own. As a critic of religious speculations, I prefer to examine them in authors who, at least, may be original, though more or less heterodox. And, as a Catholic priest, I am well aware that in commenting on this anti-Roman, anti-Papal, anti-Ritualist romance, I shall be supposed,—by the many who think a man's coat determines his style of criticism,—to indulge prejudice and evade arguments which I cannot squarely meet. However, I am requested to speak, and I put these objections aside.

Lord Beaconsfield once gave a negative definition of literature, which was amusing and, though doubtless excessive, not altogether wide of the mark. "Nothing which Mr. Gladstone writes is literature," he said. Readers of the book before us may make the application. But I do not intend to dwell on the diffuse and vapid English; the amazing Italian, with its accents unknown to history; the Latin, supposed to be ecclesiastical but never spoken by ecclesiastics, which would have dispensed me from troubling about "The Master-Christian" at all. It is neither the bad Italian nor the worse Latin to which this impossible story owes its circulation. I take it that Miss Corelli has gauged the temper of her public with admirable skill; judging that they were ripe for a No Popery pamphlet, she has given them one to their taste. Her readers are English, Protestant, and feminine. They mix up their Bible with magnetic delusions; they hate Rome; are enthusiastic about Captain Dreyfus; see in



One of the Literary Portraits of the Year.
MR. GLADSTONE EDITING THE WORKS OF BISHOP BUTLER.
By J. McClure Hamilton. Exhibited in the Royal Academy. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

every Pope an Alexander VI., in every Italian Cardinal a Cæsar Borgia; and know nothing whatever of Catholics. For these Miss Corelli spreads her nets. She preaches a dogmatic religion, in which the Devil gets more than his due, Barabbas appears as a hero, Iscariot is made a prince among the Apostles, and St. Peter has charged upon him all the vices, real or imaginary, of all the Popes that ever reigned, while St. Paul is condemned and cast out by Jeremy Bentham. Be it so; but why, without shadow of proof, represent the modern Roman prelate as an atheistical liar, a dissolute hypocrite, a would-be poisoner and stabber? Who can show us, among Cardinals and their secretaries in Rome, miscreants like Mgr. Gherardi or Mgr. Moretti? I say nothing of their impossible glorying in their own meanness; I ask simply whether they exist? Miss Corelli has, in effect, libelled the whole Roman Curia, of which these men will be taken by her readers as fair and likely speci-

mens. Where did she see them? She has never seen them, nor has anyone else; but they are good enough to figure in a No Popery novel. One who can treat the venerable old age of Leo XIII. with scorn and mockery will not shrink from caricaturing his servants and making them out to be as vile as murderers, as detestable as atheists in the Holy Place. I wonder what would be said if a Roman story-teller transferred the scenes and the actions to Lambeth and Windsor. Last year certain French satirists made free with the person of Queen Victoria in a way which brought two great nations on the verge of war. Does Miss Corelli believe that Leo XIII. is less dear to the millions of Catholics than the Queen is to millions of Englishmen? I hope that she will one day be sorry for these pages, in which a defenceless old man is held up to hatred and ridicule because he has lived the simplest but most energetic of lives in a palace, the grandeurs of which are open to all the world, including Miss Corelli. In what way such language can benefit religion passes my understanding, as much as its bitter irreverence shocks my Christianity.

For myself, I raise no protest when the policy of the Vatican is criticised, however sharply, in decent terms. If anything can be proved against members of the Court of Rome, let the evidence be given. Confront with Pope Leo the Gospel of Christ; propose reforms, stigmatize abuses; but the truth before all. We do not live in the times of the Borgias; and what corruption may exist among officials is not of their sort. As a matter of taste (and more than taste) I think it cheap and dangerous to bring into a novel One whom we call the Son of God, and to make Him the mouthpiece—dare I say the telephone?—of our private views, our debateable opinions, our national likes and dislikes. It seems to me that if there must be quarrelling among the Churches—and Miss Corelli has founded her own Church, with its rites, dogmas, and anathemas—we shall serve religion best by leaving Jesus Christ out of our miserable controversies. Yet Miss Corelli has had printed, and therefore, I presume, accepts, the praise of reviewers who tell her that she writes better than the Gospels. They are strange Christians that do these things, or permit them to be done. Were I a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, I should feel that the Deity whom His disciples acknowledge thus, and whose sacred books they trample on so despitefully, might prefer to be ignored rather than to be worshipped after this fashion, and by such devotees.

But I cannot pass over in silence the extraordinary treatment which the French clergy receive at Miss Corelli's hands. Their appearance and their character are equally vilified. No clergy in Europe exhibit greater patience and cheerfulness under trials of which Englishmen can hardly form a conception; none are more dignified, amiable, and well-mannered. As an order they challenge comparison with any equal number of any profession in the world. Are there black sheep among them? In what class do we find no black sheep? Yet these are the men whom a stranger calls "despicable-looking persons," whom she makes wicked and repulsive, and sets on a level with her. Abbé Vergniaud, a confessed infidel and evil-liver. She declares that they "speak and act lies;" they are so degraded that a picture is thought faithful which gives us this as "the face of a priest"—"a servant of Christ"—"low beetling brows, a sensual cruel mouth, with a loosely-projecting under-lip, eyes that appeared to be furtively watching each other, a receding chin and a narrow cranium, combined with an expression which was hypocritically humble yet sly"—"a type mercilessly true to the life," says Miss Corelli herself, and not one of her characters. The type of the Parisian clergy—"these faces are ordinary among our priests," according to Angela Sovrani; and her uncle, Cardinal Bonpré, who owns another kind of face, does not know "how very exceptional" he is and looks. Again I suggest that if a French writer—M. Bourget, for instance—were to paint the "ordinary" English clergyman in colours resembling these, we should every one of us feel that it was a slanderous and unchristian libel. And if M. Bourget—I ask his pardon for supposing it—went on to declare that he did so in the name, and almost with the authority of Christ Himself, who happened to be living in the same house with him and knew all about it,—I leave the reader to judge how he would henceforth view M. Bourget and his novels.

That the persons thus maligned are Roman Catholics or even clerics;—that it is the Pope who is in question, and not the Archbishop of Canterbury or Her Majesty the Queen;—makes no difference whatever to my feeling. I am one of those who believe in Captain Dreyfus's innocence; there is much in the methods of the Curia that I should like to see reformed; I have my own views about Italian and other politics. But I had hoped the day was past when a reading public would endure fables, at once so childishly improbable and so alien to the Christian temper as these which have sold in their thousands. Miss Corelli has defamed the Pope, the French clergy, the Roman Curia. Let her now go on to emulate Titus Oates by painting English Catholics as engaged in subverting the Monarchy, and as prepared by instinct and education to poison, stab, and plunder their fellow-citizens, whenever they get the chance. It will be just as true, though not quite so calculated to win belief on this side of the Channel, as her sweeping charges against those whom "The Master-Christian" blackens with a light heart. There is a well-known picture called Christus Consolator. The proper title of this No Popery pamphlet should be Christus Calumniator. It is not very choice Latin, but on that score Miss Corelli is hardly the person to object.

BY THE HON. AND REV. J. G. ADDERLEY, M.A., AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN REMARX."

One always feels inclined to pray for the author of a "novel with a purpose" rather than to criticise. It must be such an awful responsibility to take upon oneself to condemn three-quarters of one's fellow-Christians. One must first feel pretty sure that one is oneself at least trying to do the things which Christ says, and it is precious hard to do them and be a novelist at the same time. But there is one thing in Miss Corelli's book I feel bound to criticise since you give me the opportunity. That is the Appendix. If the gifted authoress is in earnest in her appeal "to those who quarrel in the name of Christ," surely she ought not to conclude her book by throwing an apple of discord in our midst. Does she realise that if the Appendix is not to be taken seriously it will only make people laugh, whereas if it

is to be taken seriously it is a most cruel libel on these poor fellow-Christians of hers whom she professes to want to unite in love and harmony. Why, for instance, should

One of the Literary Sculptures of the Year.
THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS.
Bronze Bust by Henry C. Fehr. Exhibited in the Royal Academy. Reproduced by kind permission of the Sculptor.

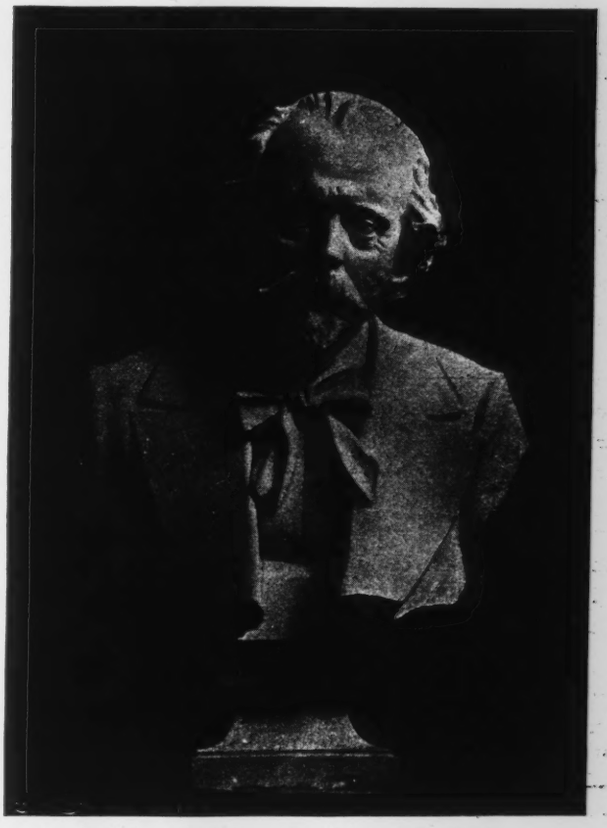
confession be called a "relic of paganism"? And why, if Catholics are such a bad lot as the book would have us believe, is it so wicked of the Bishop of Chichester to ignore the fact that ten thousand of them told Almighty God at Brighton last year that they were sorry, and meant to do better for the future?

Of course there is beautiful and attractive writing in Miss Corelli's book, and her aim is praiseworthy, but I cannot help feeling that she would have been more successful if she had herself adopted the method of her Master, who did not "strive nor cry," or if she had even tried to be a little more like the generous, loving old peacemaker who now occupies the Chair which she seems to wish us to believe is the seat of all hypocrisy and humbug.

By William Canton.

"The Master Christian" is a melodramatic tract pretty much of the same class as Mr. Sheldon's already half-forgotten masterpiece. It is cleverer, more theatrical, more pretentious than "In His Steps," but it is much inferior to it in moderation, in spiritual experience, and in Christian charity. Except for its enormous circulation one would scarcely be disposed to regard it seriously; but the hundred thousand purchasers who have exhausted the first edition, and who represent—with such pathetic eagerness—the religious sentiment of the country, give it an importance to which it could not otherwise lay claim. When one considers the credulity, the insular prejudices, the inability to form a just and independent judgment of the majority of that huge public, one cannot help asking whether the publication of such a book as this is not a poisoning of the wells of religious tolerance. For "The Master Christian" is a gross libel on the Catholic priesthood of France and Italy, and if it be accepted—and by thousands it may well be accepted—as a true picture of Catholic life, the result is more likely to be a recrudescence of bigotry, hatred, and all uncharitableness than a return to the teaching of the Divine Master.

The dogma of Rome, the discipline of Rome, the errors and superstitions of Rome are a legitimate subject for the reformer; but I do not find that Miss Corelli has much to say with regard to them. Indeed, her blatant and underbred socialist, Aubrey Leigh, sees much to respect and admire in Catholicism. "The Mother of Christ," he declares, "is to me a symbol of womanhood for all time." "I never denied the beauty, the romance, or mysticism of the Roman Catholic faith. If it were purified from the accumulated superstition of ages, and freed from intolerance and bigotry, it would perhaps be the grandest form of Christianity in the world. But the rats are in the house and the rooms want cleaning!" It is these dreadful imaginary rodents that have driven Miss Corelli into a delirium of invective and denunciation. They swarm like the myriads round Bishop Hatto's tower. "At all the churches, Sunday



One of the Literary Sculptures of the Year.
HALL CAINE.
Bust by Joseph W. Swynnerton. Exhibited in the New Gallery. Reproduced by kind permission of the Sculptor.

after Sunday, I have looked [among the priests] for a good, a noble face—in vain! For an even commonly honest face—in vain!" "Now, if it were any other Cardinal-Archbishop than yourself, I should say that his Eminence knew

exactly where to find the mother of his protégé." Ignorance, greed, hypocrisy, lust are written on every priestly face. One shall find

"Not even Lancelot brave nor Galahad clean."

Except on the ground of ignorance, or a reckless craving for melodramatic effect, one wonders how the advocacy of a return to a purer gospel can be reconciled with such mischievous misrepresentation—still more how it can be furthered by it.

From a literary point of view "The Master Christian" is neither better nor worse than Miss Corelli's other books, so far as I know them. It is clamorous and unconvincing. For all its 630 pages, it does not produce either the imaginative conviction or the moral lesson which, in less than 2,000 lines, Hugo produced in "Le Pape." It is ambitious, indeed audacious in its scheme; but the task has been far beyond the author's power of execution. Cardinal Bonpré's finding of the Child Christ weeping at midnight at the closed portal of Rouen cathedral is a beautiful and touching incident, worth all the rest of the book. Had the whole episode closed with the finely conceived miracle of healing the lame boy, it would have been a sweet and memorable thing; but the Manuel (the Divine Child) of the succeeding chapters is a failure which can scarcely be described without seeming to lapse into irreverence. The Cardinal himself—a type which takes one back to the "Misérables"—is depicted with sympathy and ability, but even in his case Miss Corelli is evidently writing by intuition and not by the light of knowledge.

It would be easy to make sport of the flamboyant melodrama of "The Master Christian," and of the author's curiously distorted views of men and things, but it is pleasanter to note the remarkable staying power which distinguishes the book. Weary as one may grow of the shrill invective and the interminable speeches, one must recognise the fervid and unflagging energy which sweeps through from the first page to the last. It is to be regretted that it has not been coupled with a better knowledge and controlled by a larger charity.

MR. ANDREW LANG.

By W. Pett Ridge.

To take up a pen less used to the appreciation of a writer than to the more familiar game of going where it likes means that one will have to watch it closely and keep it under control to see that it does not jump from under-statement to excess. There was a time when no consideration of this kind hampered. Three or four young men, some of whom were sipping at the joys of print, used to meet in rooms in Chancery Lane and discuss with all the freedom of irresponsibility the writers of the day, and decide, supposing the choice were offered to them (which it never was) who they would prefer to be. Sometimes the discussion would become heated, as when one insisted upon seeing virtues in the work of A. which the others declined to recognise, or when, to make things even, they detected merits in the work of B. which counsel for A. derided. But weapons were burnt and the evenings were happy when as each arrived he was able to make the joyful announcement— .

"There was a Lang in the *News* this morning."

An incident occurred that encouraged in one of them more than anything else could have done the belief in a wise directing Providence. To the least intelligent member of the party, whose proud claims were first, that he had never written a word for publication, and second, that he could detect a Lang at a distance of five hundred yards, came a letter from a firm of publishers requesting him to make a selection of these leaders that had been lost, in the files at the British Museum, and to bring them to book. After every possible doubt had been thrown on the genuineness of the letter it had to be acknowledged that the age of miracles had come again, and that fame and fortune were awarded to the least deserving. The fortune in the case in question amounted to £10, and it would be pleasant to record that this, the first sum earned by the proud youth in connection with any book, had been ever preserved intact for the interest of himself and his relatives. Instead of which he spent it.

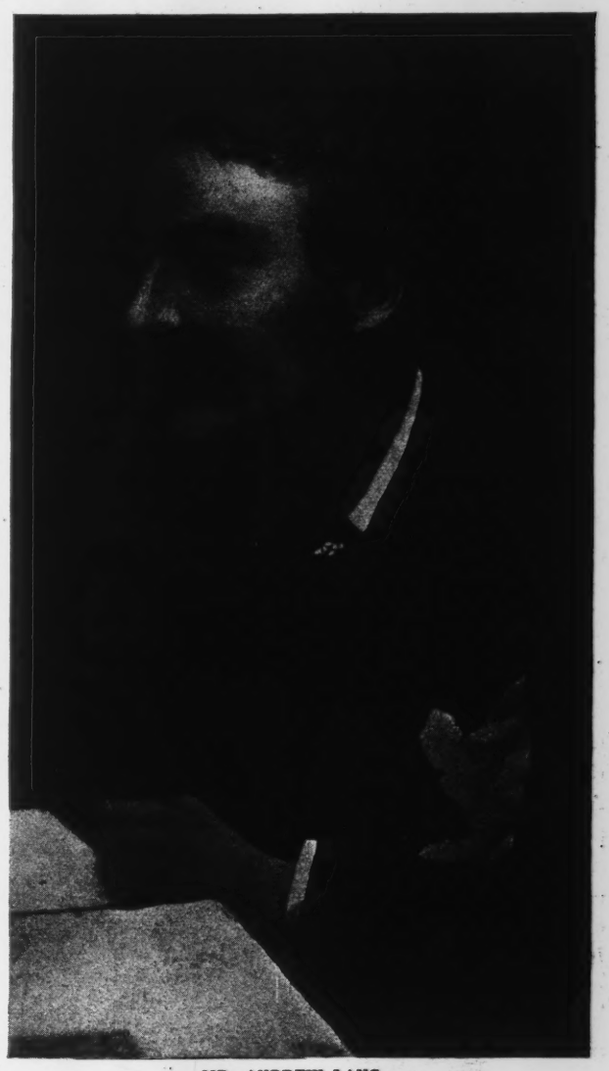
If Mr. Lang had not been so successful in writing agreeable essays, it is probable that his other work would have excited greater applause. The reading public is inclined to settle for itself what a writer should do; having declared itself pleased with light-hearted views, they smile indulgently at any effort he may make to be serious. Intimates are even more decided in their opinion. "Jackson written a play?" said the incredulous man in the story. "Bless my soul, Jackson can't write a play, sir. Why, I went to school with Jackson." Logic does not always go hand in hand with their reasoning, and this enables them to be the more emphatic. Thus it is that a many-sided writer sometimes perplexes the reading people, and when Mr. Lang submits a novel to them they are inclined to say, "Oh, but I thought he wrote essays," and when he publishes a volume of essays they remark doubtfully, "Surely he writes fairy stories!" I suppose the year 2000 will sort it all out calmly and make its own decision. That decision is better kept from us; if posterity were cruel it would sometimes whisper two words in the ear of popular men of the day. For my own part, living in 1900, I can only say that I find a joy at the tenth time of reading, in the "Letters on Literature," and the adventures of "A Monk of Fife" ever clip my attention. It is true that nowadays admiration is being jostled by envy. Most of all, perhaps, I desire Mr. Lang's writing chair when the fairy books of various colours are being prepared for Christmas. I know little nephews and nieces who have an appetite for plum pudding that makes me tremble, who look forward to the topical allusions in their drawing-room pantomime with keen and impatient interest, who cling to a belief in Santa Claus despite the agnosticism of ten-year-old brothers, because they know that doubt in the existence of the mysterious donor destroys at once his philanthropic intentions; but to whom Christmas would not be really Christmas without a book "edited by Andrew Lang." A candid public this, but a generous; some of us would give our best eyes to have the esteem which it gives to Mr.

Lang. Mr. Lang has published "Ballades in Blue China," and "Grass of Parnassus," and has taken exercise on the intricate trapeze of poetry, vaulting from vilanelle to rondeau and back again. Some folk give up poetry as the years go on, in a manner suggesting that they have received emphatic orders on the subject from a man in Cavendish Square, and it seems that Mr. Lang is more guarded in this respect than in the years that were. He has never made laborious journeys up the hill; he has not roped himself to any other climber; he has not raced up by funicular railway; he has been content to stroll about the lower slopes, carefully avoiding anything like the appearance of fatigue, and picking flowers that give a pleasing scent to one's book-case. He does not care greatly for Wordsworth (and this does not make me look about for a stone); his enthusiasm for Browning is well under control. "My dear Mainwaring," he writes, "you are very good to ask me to come up to Oxford and listen to a discussion by the College Browning Society on the minor characters in 'Sordello,' but I think it would suit me better, if you didn't mind, to come when the May races are on." On the other hand, he has recorded for the poetry of Matthew Arnold a fervent admiration which few will find themselves permitted to share. "If one were to write out of mere personal preference, I suppose I should place Matthew Arnold at the head of contemporary English poets." Surely this is an escape of gas; fortunately Mr. Lang opens the windows,—"Reason and reflection, discussion and critical judgment tell one that he is not quite there." On Mr. Lang's knowledge of Folk Lore, and the soft place in his heart that he reserves for phantoms, it were better here (for more reasons than one) not to attempt to write; characteristic that one should find him in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" writing on subjects from "Apparitions" to "Zeus."

It is difficult to see how he finds time for all this work; his days after all can have but four and twenty hours, the number which is at the disposal of us all, and a writer who considers himself fairly assiduous has to allow the blush of humility to mantle to his cheek when he thinks of the industry of Mr. Lang. Mr. Lang is a good lecturer—so many literary men crumple up when they step on a platform—and an excellent after-dinner speaker. With all these things to occupy his working days, one is driven to the horrid assumption that he must play golf on Sundays.

Mr. Lang has had his single-wicket innings as a novelist, as in "A Monk of Fife," and scored off his own bat; he has sometimes played the game with a partner, as in "Parson Kelly" and "The World's Desire." I like "A Monk of Fife," in spite of the book's illustrations; the young man's adventures are more reasonable and less astoundingly continuous than is the case with most historical novels, where the breathless anxiety to shed blood exceeds the desire of even the most peaceable reader. The atmosphere and the style of "A Monk of Fife" are convincing; the year 1429 is never forgotten, and there is a last page (I have read it many times) which is, I submit, hard to beat. I mean the beautiful epilogue, following the reference by the fighting youth, grown old and pious, to his love, Elliot Hume. "Herein my memory does not fail, nor does love faint, growing stronger with the years, like the stream as it races to the fall."

In "Parson Kelly" I guess that Mr. Lang cut out the characters and painted the scenery, and that Mr. Mason (who can pull the wires better than most) made the figures move. The assistance of a collaborator probably saves trouble; it must certainly be agreeable to have some one to whom, when the characters are in a position of difficulty, you can send your story with a note advising him of your immediate departure from town to fulfil an urgent engagement at Penzance, but it occurs to the amateur that difficulty might arise in the division of press notices. There



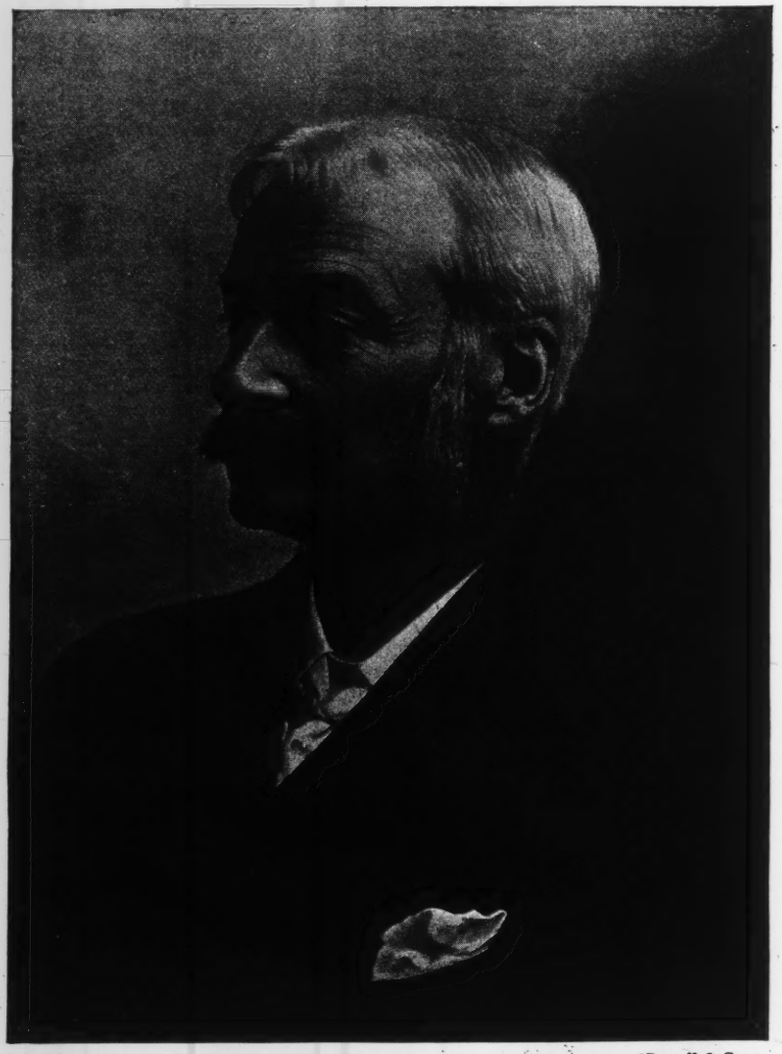
MR. ANDREW LANG.
From a Photograph by Frederick Hollyer.

is a danger, too, of one's closest friends giving all the credit they are prepared to offer, to the other man. Mr. Lang wrote with Mr. Rider Haggard "The World's Desire," a novel which I read and to my shame have forgotten.

In his record is also a Life of Lord Iddesleigh, an amiable statesman whose case is a warning to all politicians, in that because he did no one harm and committed no stupendous blunder, he is but vaguely remembered now. This was, perhaps, Mr. Lang's one appearance in the character of a book-maker. It is good to think that he has never flattered politics with his serious attentions; the novelists who are preparing to flirt with public affairs at the General Election will have cause for bitter regret if their suit should be taken "in great earnest." A worse place for writing romance than the smoking room of the House of Commons I cannot

imagine. Moreover, in view of the fact that hundreds of men who are elected for Parliament will never have the chance of making themselves of the slightest possible use there, it will probably occur to the electorate that they may as well send up men of good bearing, so that, though silent, they may, at any rate, contribute to the appearance of the House. Now literary men are seldom alluringly handsome.

Also in the list that comes below the name of Andrew Lang are many that need not be mentioned by name whilst Longmans' catalogue is extant. Happy the youth who has them to look forward to; hours of joy are facing him. I would change places with him as readily as I would barter with any man who has not yet read his Dickens or Thackeray, in regard to whom it may be here said that in an age when tendency has been exhibited to show interest in none but writers of the newest brand, the author of "David Copperfield," and the author of "Vanity Fair" need desire no stouter or more loyal knight than they have in Mr. Andrew Lang. The pity is that any such service should ever be required, but, the circumstances given, it was necessary that some of those who have not stinted praise in regard to the new men, should now and again remind the world that there were great men before Mr. Kipling, and that not so many years ago there lived two giants. Mr. Lang has never changed in his outspoken admiration for Dickens and Thackeray; there will, I fancy, be good talking when he meets them.



From Photo by] A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ANDREW LANG. *[Russell & Sons.*

It is an interesting point in considering a many-sided man to speculate on the particular side for which he will be specially remembered. He cannot reasonably expect that they will all bear the test of time; and indeed, just because there is more than one, it is the more probable that they will all be forgotten ere the squares of turf heal their divisions. In Mr. Lang's case I am inclined to think that his essays will be remembered when his novels are forgot. In essay work his great charm is the allusive manner—which, in many, spells itself with a slight difference—and the happy trick that eludes them is always at the right end of his pen. Some can think of the inappropriate reference necessitating the awkward prelude of the word "unlike," with Mr. Andrew Lang it is always the one, the right, the inevitable quotation. These things are not done by keeping accounts, transferring items to the ledger, marking them off when made use of, and now again taking stock; they are possible only to one whose alertness has wide limitations, who captures facts and references, puts handcuffs on them, and locks them up in the cells of his memory.

The value of an article is increased by its rarity, and the happy gift of chatting agreeably in print is such a scarce and precious thing that in a well-ordered world companies would be formed on the Stock Exchange—presuming that this place existed at all in Utopia—for its exploitation, and money would be subscribed which is now devoted to the schemes of Mr. Whitaker Wright. To read one of Mr. Lang's essays is to taste the joy of being fortunately placed at dinner with for neighbour one who talks well and demands nothing but polite attention. He never shunts off the main rails of conversation to go on a branch line for a joke which he can see there; all that he wants seem to lie close to his own direct permanent way. A judgment sound and sane (perhaps one says this because in cases where there was originally a difference he has convinced one of error), a wide and a discriminating reader, who knows literature from L to the last E; a decided critic, who seems to keep two baskets near to him, one marked "Likes" and the other "Dislikes," and seldom feels any hesitation into which basket he shall pitch a book; a taste eclectic enough to desire to put Lucian into a modern tongue with the ability to do it, and at the same time to say a good word (in the old days) for the railway novel,

> "Give me your villains deeply vile,
> Give me Lecoq, Jottrat and Co.,
> Great artists of the ruse and wile,
> Miss Braddon and Gaboriau,"—

a mind prepared to be interested in anything, from the newest suburban ghost to the oldest Elzevir of them all; a sportsman with a knowledge of full details—if anyone has it—of the first game of golf to Mr. P. J. Warner's latest trick of dealing with an off-side ball at Lord's; were it not that this article is to be illustrated with photographs showing probably that his youthful slimness has not escaped him, one would be inclined to call Mr. Lang an all-round man. There comes a time in the work of most cheerful writers when the observant can detect a minor note which suggests sometimes melancholy, sometimes disappointment, sometimes that the writers have reached the age of forty-five. This note I do not yet recognise in the work of Mr. Andrew Lang; if it should ever arrive I shall be inclined to think that it is only his fun. The envoy to one of his "Rhymes à la mode" gives the key:—

"O nate mecum, worn and tired,
Our faces show, but *that* is naught.
Our hearts are young 'neath wrinkled brow,
Life's more amusing than we thought."

Cheerfulness, after all, is the gift of which the gods are most jealous, and he who possesses it has no right to keep it to himself; ladies who own tiaras of diamonds wear them not infrequently without reserve upon their heads; they would rightly consider it unfair on their sisters to hide these valuable possessions. To have this facility of seeing clearly the brighter side of things and appreciating it to the full is not of course to be a humourist. I would ask pardon for remarking this, only that so many find themselves labelled thus to their own astonishment and dismay. Of humorous writers, distinct and undeniable, so far as an outsider can judge, there are at the present time in Great Britain four; I would give their names, but that to do so might lead to a controversy which has nothing to do with the subject just now under consideration. In addition to the humourists who are valuable men, and increase the gaiety of nations, there are those who not being of the number nevertheless possess a decorous wit and are able to give the taste of it to every salad that they make. It is in this list that Mr. Andrew Lang stands high. He may not be able to make folk laugh exhaustedly, but at any rate he can cause them to smile. I am not, I think, laying undue stress on this side of his work; if I have devoted some space to the point it is because I want those who as yet know him but slightly to join in recognition.

I hope it was not intended that this article should inform the world when Mr. Andrew Lang was born, where he was born, why he was born; it will disappoint some, I fear, when they find that it contains no intimate disclosures of his views in regard to the morality of eating Neapolitan ices or his opinions concerning buttoned boots as compared with those which lace up. For these, or something like them, see the popular press. Here it is enough to say that whilst some of us might put down our pens now and never dip them in the ink again without exciting any complimentary remonstrance, the writing world and the reading world will not permit Mr. Lang to cease work until the one excuse is made that, soon or late, arrests us all.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. T. C. Meech, who was editor of the *Morning Herald*, now incorporated with the *Daily Express*, has become editorial manager of the *Echo*.

Mr. James Lysaght Finigan, barrister, Liverpool, and former war correspondent of the *Standard*, has died at the age of fifty-six. For some time he was M.P. for Ennis.

Mr. F. R. Sanderson, sporting editor of the recently defunct *Middlesbrough Evening Telegraph*, and formerly sub-editor of the *Lincolnshire Echo*, has been appointed sub-editor of the *East Anglian Daily Times*, Ipswich.

Mr. H. Wedd, for many years on the staff of the *Sussex Daily News* at Brighton, is about to leave that position to take up literary work in London. The members of the Brighton Liberal Club, of which Mr. Wedd had been director and then secretary, entertained him on September 24th at a farewell dinner.

We understand that Lord Frederic Hamilton has resigned the editorship of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and that he has been succeeded by Mr. George R. Halkett, who assumes sole charge from October 1st. Mr. Halkett is well known as an art critic and a vigorous political caricaturist, whose work has decorated the pages both of the *Pall Mall Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He has been assistant editor of the magazine for the past two years, and under his direction the high artistic reputation of the magazine is likely to be enhanced.

Mr. Henry Leslie, who for many years—since the days of Mr. George Smith, in fact—has been the manager of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, retired from that position on September 30th owing to ill health. He carried with him into his retirement suitable tokens of the goodwill of the proprietor and of the staff. He is succeeded by Mr. Frederick J. Higginbottom, who will be manager and managing editor in collaboration with Sir Douglas Straight. Mr. Higginbottom joined the editorial staff of the paper when Mr. Astor bought it in 1892, and continued the connection until the beginning of the past Parliamentary session, during which he acted as Parliamentary correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. He took up his new position on October 1st.

The visit of the English journalists to Paris was an unqualified success. At the Gare du Nord the party were received by Monsieur Taunay and Monsieur Oeker and others on behalf of the Parisian journalists, and free tickets admitting to the Exhibition were presented to the members of the party. A reception was given in the Pavilion of the Superior Press Commission of the Paris Exhibition. The president, Monsieur Hébrard, editor in general and proprietor of *Le Temps*, and the vice-president, Monsieur de Naleche, editor in chief of the *Journal des Débats*, received the guests, assisted by Monsieur Victor Meuniere, general secretary of the Superior Press Commission. Monsieur Hébrard spoke eloquently of the growing friendliness of the Press relationships between the two countries, and Monsieur Naleche, who addressed the assembly in English, referred to the same topic. The latter proposed the health of Queen Victoria. He also gave the toast of the British Press. Mr. Spurgeon, who responded, proposed the health of the President of the French Republic, and submitted the toast of "The French Press." A handsome inkstand, suitably inscribed, is to be sent to Monsieur Taunay as a souvenir of the visit, and a similar compliment is to be paid to Monsieur Oeker; and on the return journey Mr. W. Senior, editor of the *Field*, on behalf of the party, asked Mrs. Spurgeon's acceptance of a diamond and opal ring, also as a souvenir of the visit.

Scotland.

The death is announced at Blairgowrie of Mr. David Christie, a pressman of seventy.

Several additions have recently been made to the reporting staff of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. The latest members of the staff are Mr. McArdle from the *Glasgow Observer*, and Mr. Connor from the Coatbridge branch office of the same journal.

Wales.

The *South Wales Daily Telegraph* has made its appearance.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF "T. E. B."*

One opens these volumes with a pleasant sense of "clusters bobbing at the lips of expectancy." The eye glances quickly for the list of the poet's intimate correspondents; there is something of eagerness in the wish to see the names of the men and women who knew and loved the man behind the poems. There is a pause, a hasty counting of preliminary pages; no, it is not the binder's fault—there is simply no table of contents. Four hundred and twenty pages of the most miscellaneous description, and not a line of index or classification to make them easily accessible to the reader. Of course, with some trouble you can ascertain that there are nearly three hundred letters, or portions of letters, addressed to some thirty correspondents, but till time has been wasted in finding out so much, you will not discover that only one or two of the correspondents are known to you even by name, and that the number does not include certain interesting people whose presence you had taken for granted.

As you proceed you are not disposed to congratulate Mr. Irwin on his editorial proficiency. Indeed, he appears to have undertaken his task with the most economical notions of the duties of an editor. Again and again one pulls up at letters which are either perplexing or unintelligible for lack of a foot-note. Even if the book were intended for private circulation there would be cause for complaint; offered to the public at large, it leaves more to be desired from this point of view than I have here space to explain. On p. 90, Vol. I., the passage, "Yes, it is quite true about the 'Lamb'; there he lay upon the very spot the child's feet had rested on," has no meaning unless the reader is familiar with Brown's most beautiful and poignant poem, "Aber Stations." The note "In a time of great trouble" is surely an obscure and most inadequate way of indicating the "irreparable" loss of Mrs. Brown after thirty years of close companionship. On p. 118, Vol. I., the poet writes: "My brother has ringed me round all my life with moral strength and abettance; I hardly know how much. What is it? Not direct control or suggestion, but a sort of taking each other for granted. You know something of it, and you know the blank on the other side of the leaf too." Who was this brother, of whose loss he writes in words of such significance? The reader is left to discover for himself that it was no other than the distinguished Baptist preacher and lecturer, Hugh Stowell Brown, a man in many respects as notable as the poet, and very much more widely known. I think it may safely be said that neither in the memoir nor in the letters does the existence of this relationship catch the attention of the reader, if, indeed, it is mentioned at all. And yet Hugh Stowell Brown's autobiography, with his common-place book and selections from his sermons and addresses, was published in 1887.

It might be extreme to find fault with Mr. Irwin for not knowing or for ignoring it, but the omission is unfortunate. An acquaintance with the autobiography would have enabled him to present a curious picture of the Isle of Man at the close of the first quarter of the century; it would, unless I err, have thrown light on the material out of which Brown constructed one of his more important narrative poems, "The Doctor," and it would have supplemented the scanty details of the poet's early life. Mr. Irwin does give a glimpse of Braddan Vicarage, with its flower plots, its shelter of ash and sycamore, and its "strip of sea." The elder brothers climbed those trees, "sometimes almost lived in them," looked down on town and harbour and saw the blue sea beyond them, and beyond that, in clear weather, just before sunset, the mass of Black Coomb on the Cumberland coast; they helped to gather the tithes in kind, carted away amid abundant abuse "each tenth hay-cock, or stook of wheat, oats, barley, as the case might be"; looked on at the christenings, no doubt, and saw the mother and other women who brought the child drink the water that remained in the basin that served as a font ("Had it not been sanctified to the washing away of sin?"); were present at the Sunday afternoon funerals, at which many of the mourners were drunk, some in a state of stupor, others tumbling over the coffins or sobbing and howling. "T. E. B." was, it is true, seven years younger than Hugh, but this was the little world on which his eyes were opening with sharp intelligence.

Two other passages in the autobiography would also have supplied deficiencies in the memoir. In the last days of November, 1846, Hugh left home to pursue his studies at Bristol. "It was a dark, cold, wintry night, with heavy snow, as I drove to Douglas with old John McCulloch, the man-servant"—the "Old John" of the poems, one supposes—"who was to take back the phaeton. . . . The man-servant on his return had nearly reached the Vicarage, when the horse shied and would not go on. The object that terrified him proved to be my poor father's corpse, lying cold in the snow upon the road." Made anxious by the weather, the old man had left the house, intending to follow his son to Douglas and persuade him not to cross on so stormy a night, and had probably been struck down by apoplexy. "He left nothing but a little ready money, perhaps £100, but happily he did not die in debt. . . . We were eight in number—my mother; myself; my brother Will, then serving his apprenticeship as a sailor, and far away in the Pacific Ocean; my brother Tom, sixteen years old; Alfred, seven years; and my three sisters, Dora, Margaret, and Harriet, aged respectively seventeen, twelve, and ten. . . . None of us was earning or, myself excepted, could earn a shilling." These tragic circumstances deepen the interest of the early letters in these volumes, and it is with a genuine sympathy that one reads in a letter to his mother, in 1854, of the poet's election as a Fellow of Oriel, and his assurance, "You are now, if my life is spared, put out of reach of all want, and, I hope, henceforth need never again give yourself a single anxious thought or care about money matters. . . . I have not omitted to remark that the election took place on April 21, the anniversary of your birth and marriage."

Of the Letters as a whole what is to be said? To Brown's friends they must mean something different, something infinitely more personal, than they do to strangers. Those who knew him hear again the voice, perceive the light of the eye, the play of feature. Outsiders, unfortunately, cannot judge in this fashion. One confesses, with reluctance, to disappointment. Half of these letters, carefully selected, would, to my thinking, have given a truer and a more welcome impression of the writer. The real man lives in his poems; not in Tom Baynes alone—"he simply is I"—but in all the traits of kinship, kindly tolerance, broad humanity, freshness and force and sharp turns of tenderness and affection, which are the salt and sweetness of his work. The chief value of the Letters to me is that they affirm the reality of the man who wrote the poems. What is said in prose one believes more readily than what is said in verse. In this case the prose vouches for the verse. In his correspondence Brown had, no doubt, a style and character of his own, but whatever the graces of scholarship or humanity, it is very rarely that one feels disposed to class him even with the few notable letter-writers of our own half century. As a record of his later life they have their interest. It is pleasant to observe the sense of relief with which he feels that his long scholastic day's work is done, and the zest which, as the years advance, he feels in things old and new—his return to old authors, his excursions among the Classics, his sudden resolve to learn Russian, his flirtations with Italian and French (he would have shuddered, by the way, to find Ohnet's "Le Docteur Rameau" and Gautier's "Le Capitaine Fracasse" figuring as "Dr. Rameau of Olnet" and "Captain Fracane"), and his criticisms of our own fiction of to-day. Some of these last ruffle one's equanimity, and yet one can understand how a man who cared little for "Margaret Ogilvy" and thought "Tess" bore unquestionable traces of influenza might regard "The Manxman" as something "on the frontier of Shakespearia." Sweeter and saner than all this, however, is the poet's strong love for the Island with its enchanted heights, its legend and speech, its old race and kindly folk. One of his favourite sayings was the Virgilian *Antiquam exquirite matrem;* indeed it expressed a frequent mood of his. The ancient cradle, the primeval mother-lap, was a haunting thought with him. It was allied to his love of what he called "coterie speech"—the "little" language of home and of the small aborigines whose cave-dwellings and rock-shelters are under piano and table. It lay at the heart of his poetry, which was to him a "cairn of memories." It often saddened him, to quote Mr. Irwin's words, "with the haunting consciousness of how little would survive him of that past to which he clung so tenderly." More, it seems to me, than any other single quality or trait of temperament, this underlay the whole of Brown's poetical work; and this is one of the beautiful things in these letters of his.

WILLIAM CANTON.

* "Letters of Thomas Edward Brown, author of 'Fo'c'sle Yarns.'" Edited with an Introductory Memoir by Sidney T. Irwin. 2 vols. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd.)

APOSTOLIC TEACHING AND THE TEACHING OF CHRIST.*

The Kerr Lectureship, in connection with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, has once more borne good fruit. It has afforded occasion for a hitherto unknown writer to take his place among the foremost living theologians by the production of a volume which will win grateful recognition from all who are interested in the critical study of the New Testament. To ascertain the relation which the Apostolic teaching holds to that of Christ, it is obvious that in the first place both must be understood. In other words a survey of the teaching of each contributor to the New Testament must be attempted. And in fact what we have in these Lectures is a New Testament Theology written from a special point of view. This special adaptation to a particular purpose lends freshness to the treatment. But besides this, it is evident that Mr. Drummond could not adopt a hackneyed method even were he treating the most hackneyed theme. He writes with a remarkable freedom from theological technicalities; with the energy, vivacity, and independence of one who is conscious of having a firm hold of his subject; with the suggestiveness of a full and rich mind. No more interesting or trustworthy account of the contents of the New Testament has ever been given.

The first three of the ten Lectures are occupied with preliminary matter. A rapid but instructive survey is given of the books of the New Testament and of their writers. The reader is reminded that our Lord chose these men as His representatives, and trained them to be the qualified and authoritative exponents of His mission, that they had marked individuality and idiosyncrasies which appear in their writings, and that these writings were not formal theological treatises but were rather thrown up by the necessities of a great popular movement. Mr. Drummond gives us also a clear account of Christ's method of teaching, and of its originality and authority. Its originality is traced to the uniqueness of His personality. "What others acquire, Christ is." Its authority is similarly derived. "The only real gauge of authority is capacity to exercise it." "Originality and novelty, authority and imperiousness, are not identical or convertible terms." The points in these chapters which might be reconsidered are the *fulness* of knowledge of Christ's life ascribed to S. Paul, and the *amount* of repetition in our Lord's teaching. In view also of recent discussion both in Germany and this country, it might have been well to be more explicit regarding the teaching function and authority of the Apostles.

In the Lectures which are occupied with the substance of the teaching, all the usual topics are dealt with—sin and its origin, the Kingdom of God, the Church, and Eternal Life, the Person of Christ, the Cross, the Parousia, Faith. By an able and adequately informed, always enlightening and sometimes profound exposition of these topics Mr. Drummond shows that there was a natural and consistent development in the teaching included in the New Testament. How the idea of the Kingdom of God was superseded by the conception of the Church of Christ; how the expectation of the imminent Parousia was modified as time went on; how the Apostles were driven by a necessary compulsion to regard their Master as in the highest sense Divine; how the results of His work gradually unfolded themselves and led such teachers as S. Paul to see in it a cosmic significance; all this is traced with a steady, accurate hand. Mr. Drummond is also careful to show how the developed teaching of the Apostles was contained in germ in that of Christ, and guards against the idea that such development implied a further revelation beyond what had been already given. The whole book shows that the highest theological culture finds nothing incongruous or incredible in traditional beliefs, and by its fresh, strong, rich thinking adds greatly to their interest and attractiveness. May it be suggested that to head every page of the book with its general title is to waste type and exasperate a reader who wishes to find a particular chapter if not a particular subject?

MARCUS DODS.

* "The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ," being the Kerr Lectures for 1900, by Rev. Robert J. Drummond, B.D., Lothian Road Church, Edinburgh. (T. and T. Clark.)

One of the Literary Portraits of the Year.

THE LATE DR. MARTINEAU.

By Clara Martineau. Exhibited in the Royal Academy. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

A CRITICISM OF A CRITICISM.*

Must I really write about what somebody has written about what somebody else has written? Doctors ought never to differ, augurs to smile, critics to wrangle—*coram populo*. Besides, the brain reels at the prospect of an infinite series of opinions on opinions—one must stop somewhere, and I should certainly never venture beyond reviewing a Review of a Review of a Criticism on Further Reflections on Reflections on a Depreciation of an Appreciation of the Primate's Sermon on Miss Corelli's Sunday School Hymns. But that tribulation is yet far off. Today I am only seeing Mr. Kipling's smiles and frowns through a single glass—and that not darkly at all, but with improved vision.

Though his little book seems rather too handsome for its subject or its matter, this, my first glimpse of Mr. le Gallienne's work, has been a grateful surprise. Vague presentiment, founded on laudatory reviews, foreboded the commonplace thought laboriously distorted into sensational paradox, and the affected, mincing, yet extravagant expression which together compose the fashionable essay. These features are by no means absent—sometimes they are rather obtrusive. When the Essayist has nothing to say he wants to say it finely. On the other hand, much that he says is eloquently and excellently put, and after all, his manner is less important than his matter. The book is neither a panegyric nor a diatribe, but a careful, sober, and reasoned criticism, and the author may justly claim the title of critic. It is not that he confirms my own judgments, for sometimes I believe his view to be inadequate, or erroneous; but

* "Rudyard Kipling." A Criticism by R. le Gallienne. With a Bibliography by John Lane. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

that his criticism is based not on opinions, but on principles. These he has applied with care and industry after a study of his author more thorough than I have yet made, and on many points I am content to bow to his superior knowledge. Perhaps he is not aware of it, but his strong point is not the lacquer, but his practical commonsense, of which among other results we note his respect for the orthodox standards and a strong prejudice in favour of old-fashioned morality.

Mr. Kipling's poetry is first dealt with—fairly enough, but, I think, rather too favourably. To my relief the Critic asserts, and proves that the "Barrack-Room Ballads" are not only the most characteristic, but far the best of Mr. Kipling's poems; because of that volume alone I retain a strong impression and opinion, though what I said about it at the time in these columns I do not remember. Of the later poems I can only recall "Tomlinson" and the "White Man's Burden." It seems there was also a Jubilee "Recessional"—a grand impudent title at all events. And the Boy in the Street tells me that a vulgar melody—a very absent-minded plagiarism of two or three old tunes—which he is just now bawling and the organs droning, is Mr. Kipling's last patriotic hymn. But if the poet is to stand or fall by the "Barrack-Room Ballads," I fear he must fall—at least as a poet. Are they poetry at all in any high or accepted sense? They have been called poetry of a new order, of a new school; are they even that?

Nor do I believe that he claims to be a poet. Could he ever have been one? What are his innate gifts? First and foremost, originality—an originality not so much creative as inventive; the power of rapidly discovering and apprehending a large number of alternatives, and then of making instantly the selection and combination which has been hitherto untried. Where a fastidious writer would hesitate and perhaps finally reject all, Mr. Kipling follows his instinct—and it is no blind guide—without scruple, compunction, or circumspection, with the superb self-confidence and aggressive indifference to criticism which marks an enthusiastic artisan. Hence the singular novelty and freshness which surprised, impressed, and delighted us all; a novelty universally hailed as individuality, which it certainly is, and as creative genius, which it certainly is not. This gift may be traced to a mind neither delicate nor profound, but peculiarly vigorous and alert; and that more or less to a well-balanced physical constitution.

Another natural gift is that of language—natural, though not quite happily developed. And still more, a rare sense of rhythm and melody, a gift which Mr. le Gallienne with all his admiration of it seems disposed to disparage. Believing that the poetry of the future will be written either in lyrics or in prose, I regard this natural gift of song as the gift of gifts. A fatal gift too often, but always a precious. Without it a skilful poet may chisel and file a perfect lyric in a week, a month, a year; with it an hour is enough to run his thought into the mould. He does not chisel—he casts. The "Ballads" may be the jingle of the concert-hall—and intrinsically they are nothing else; but the gift they imply is something far higher. Mr. Kipling "has music in his soul," though he chooses the accompaniment of the banjo and bones. Further, he has a natural instinct for the Sublime, both in Nature and in Man. Here his analytical power is conspicuous. His view is never broad, never all-comprehensive, never Shaksperian; but he does as few before him have done, run his eye over a scene or a man, and at once single out some feature—to other eyes inconspicuous or commonplace—which he can make a centre of strong interest; and in innumerable cases this interest is tragic or sublime. A very different thing this from mere Impressionism. His instinct seeks in Nature and Man its own affinities—force, concentration, and individuality. In Nature his gaze is riveted on the vast, the desolate, the awful, the inexorable, the forces which defy Man and which he defies; in Humanity on the mysterious inter-play of the animal and intellectual faculties, on the triumphs of the will, on the elemental passions—most of all on the ruling passion. Such are his peculiar gifts, and they suggest at once the poet of Force, Strength, and Resonance. A poetry of flesh and blood, bone and muscle, sharp eyes and ringing voice, the poetry of Byron without Byron's beauty, was clearly within his reach.

But how far has discipline affected his gifts—what are his acquired qualifications? With his versatile cleverness art would easily have supplied the deficiencies of genius—indeed, he has more than once, as in some verses of a devotional, meditative cast added to one of his story-books, caught the manner of other schools. But his training, his experience, his career, while strengthening his excellent natural gifts, have neither refined nor supplemented them; they have led him farther and farther away from the paradise of poetry. And so "Barrack-Room Ballads" is, and will remain, his ripest fruit of song—and it is not poetry at all. Rather is it wholly and triumphantly and aggressively *anti-poetry*. What Mr. Kipling did in prose he just does again in rhyme. A mere change in form—the thought, the tone, the spirit are absolutely the same. The verse is admirable; infinitely better work, perhaps better literature, than most of our genuine but feeble poetry. The average "Ode to Spring" and "Ruins in Moonlight" of the Poets' Corner may be poor poetry, bad poetry, but poetry they are and nothing less. Whereas "Mandalay," our Critic's favourite, is only capital verse by a brilliant anti-poet appealing irresistibly to every non-poet, to every one who loves a jolly song, but despises poetry in his heart. Such are most of our busy, practical men, our stockbrokers and journalists; so without knowing exactly what poetry is, they proclaim Mr. Kipling as the greatest, nay, the only poet of the day. "Never cared much about poetry before—too much twaddle and humbug for me—but this is what *I* call the real thing, sir—plenty of life and go in it," etc., etc. Alas! "life and go" is not enough. But then the music of it! Music is not poetry. But the splendid pathos! Pathos is not poetry. But think of the vivid actuality, the photographic realism! Actuality, realism is *never* poetry—it is always essentially anti-poetic. I am not to be entrapped into a definition of poetry, but thus far I will go. Poetry—which may be written in prose as well as in verse—can never confine itself to the Real and the Actual. Its sphere is not the actual world of our daily work and play, but a world of illusion into which our souls penetrate under its guidance. Poetry may be a silly superstition, a mass of nonsense and make-believe only fit for fools and women—think so, if you like—but what it is, it always has been and always will be until mankind discovers a better solace for its soul's weariness.

Does poetry then repudiate soldiers? By no means—nor engine-drivers. Compared to reviewers and grocers they are romantic, ornamental beings in this prosaic world. I love to see them, and to think about them. Individually many of them will betray, if you have the skilful sympathy to get at it, a secret soul of idealism, romantic and poetical, the hid treasure of him who has sought and seen the "bright eyes of danger." But collectively they are, save in the battle, wholly unpoetical. So the true poet never attempts a cinematograph in verse of the soldier in his daily life. He may give us a stimulating glimpse of the vivacity of the march and bivouac, as did Hood in a marvellous soldiers'-song, which nobody seems to have noticed. Or, as Doyle once did, he may paint the soldier at some supreme tragic moment, when his coarser elements serve but to enhance his majestic heroism. Or he may frankly idealise him, accentuating the romantic, toning down or ignoring the prosaic features. Such is not Mr. Kipling's aim or method, even in his battle pieces. He describes—or pretends to describe, or most probably thinks he is describing—the private soldier as he really is—from his own point of view—as he would describe himself. A worthy endeavour whether in verse or prose, and most cleverly executed. I only insist that the barrack-room viewed from the barrack-room standpoint is not Arcady. Its atmosphere may be lively, bracing, and roughly human, but it is too narrow, too illiberal, too coarse, too sordid and prosaic to win the smiles of the Muse. All this, you may say, is mere assertion. Well, the proof rests with yourself. Turn suddenly from the "Ballads," or even from "Tomlinson" or the "dying sinner" poem to anything you know to be true poetry—I do not mean the great masterpieces—to Daddy Wordsworth, to Mr. Watson, to the songs of Byron, Moore, and Scott. As suddenly a curtain falls behind you to shut out the exigent tyranny of the Present—the burden, the oppression, the tension of actuality is lifted—you have passed into a different world—the Haunted Chamber, the world of dreams, the world of Poetry. But is it a better, a higher world? Decide for yourself! All I say is that it is different—that the threshold is distinctly marked, and that Mr. Kipling has not yet chosen to cross it. So to the very last drop of ink in the pot I will protest, not only against the blasphemy which would place the songs of the beerhouse and canteen above the music of the spheres, but against the heresy which confounds them with poetry. And the injustice too; for if they are poetry, then they are coarse, rough, vulgar, barbarous poetry—in short, bad poetry. Whereas they are not bad, but good—most brilliant and admirable work. But work which demanded

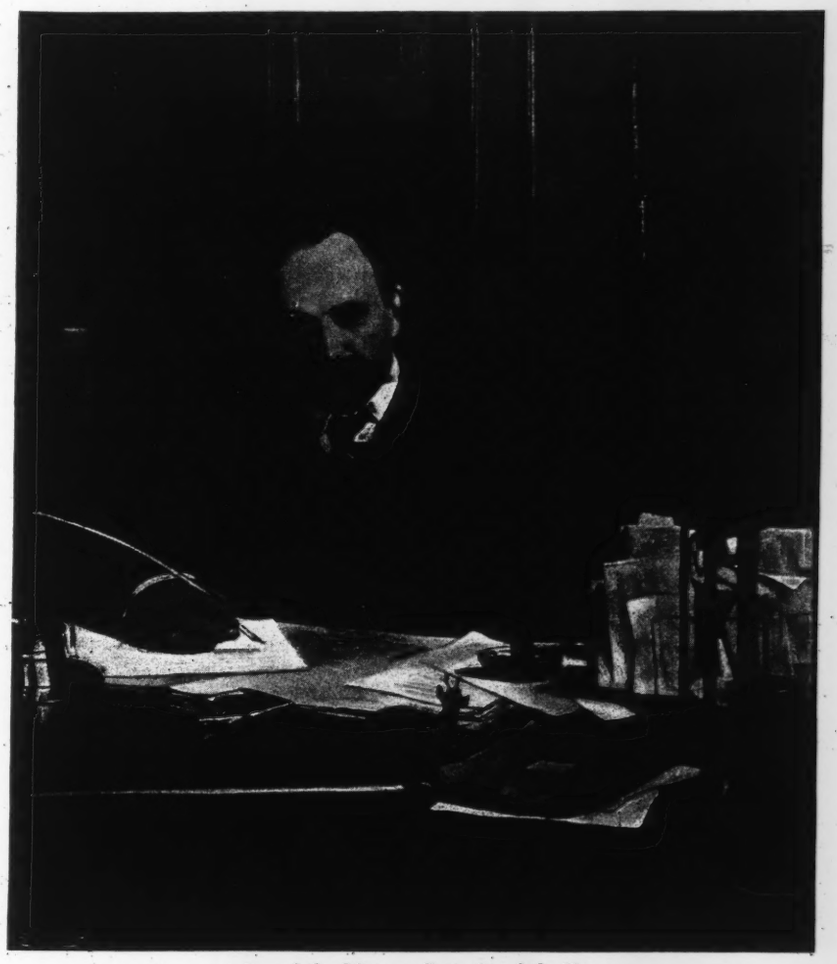
no poetical genius, work which no true poet would or could do. Just fancy the disgust—and the despairing impotence too—of a Milton, a Shelley, a Keats, a Campbell, if commanded to imitate "Fuzzy-Wuzzy"!

Alas, only one point—albeit a fundamental—worked out! And all my pencil-notes on the book yet untouched! Let us huddle up the scene. The criticism of the Stories seems to me even more searching than that of the Poems. Mr. Kipling's two aims are acutely pointed out (p. 72). His low estimate of women—the Critic's seems by no means too exalted (p. 82)—and of native races, which is that of his heroes in the ranks (p. 84)—"God made Hindus for the British soldier to wipe his feet on, and Afridis for him to bayonet"—are not forgotten. They seem to me highly significant. What in Mr. Kipling rather shocks England does not shock India. It is the brutalising contact of a subject race, so long deplored in America. He did not escape it, and it explains much. The other day an old charwoman of observation and experience was recalling the number of young men ruined by the army. I protested. "Yes, sir, some do turn out better, but never them as have been in India. That's regular ruin. They get waited on hand and foot, and the way they knock them poor natives about is shameful. It's awful to hear the tales they tell—things as they'd be hung for at home. And they're that lazy — and selfish and greedy and having! Now they've got no natives to rob, they want to take it out of their relations. I've known a lot of 'em—they haven't got no feelings left." I thought of Soldiers Three—and thirty thousand or more.

Our Critic gives the highest place to the Mulvaney stories. They are inimitable. Lever never equalled Mulvaney. Carleton's best stories I should place far higher—in fact, among the very choicest of masterpieces—but his genius, so exquisitely poetical, dramatic and Irish, has nothing in common with Mr. Kipling's, and comparison is unfair. I should have liked to add and subtract somewhat from the Critic's suggestive contrast of Stevenson, Bret Harte, and Kipling, and to dwell on many other points of his careful review, but can only mention, with strongest approval, his exposure of Mr. Kipling's later attempts to glorify machinery by a monotonous, mechanical realism.

Interesting as I have found Mr. le Gallienne's work, I have naturally been most struck by his omission of certain points which I have always thought most obvious and important. Thus not a word about the influence of evil American models, to which I ascribe many of Mr. Kipling's aberrations—even his cynical blood-horrors, and his profane heartlessness about Death. Nor is this flippancy, nor his cynical pessimism, nor his juggling with repulsive subjects for effect's sake reprobated strongly enough. On the other hand, there is little or no appreciation of the masterful impression of grandiose form and majestic splendour which raises a few of the Tales above any ever told to the world before. And lastly, not a word on what I have hitherto always treated as the key to the whole matter—the influence of training, environment, and experience upon his original genius. On the other hand, many truths I recognise as truths in this criticism, which but for it might never have occurred to me.

Y. Y.



One of the Literary Portraits of the Year.

LOUIS N. PARKER.

By Sir Philip Burne Jones, Bart. Exhibited in the Royal Academy. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist, by whom the Copyright is reserved.

FOUR BOOKS ON CHINA.*

The history of the present year has, to some extent, been written in colours, and the trend of events may be gathered from our book covers. The war in South Africa is recalled by a long line of sad-coloured volumes, bound in khaki. They came with the spring, and the spring was long and rather grim. Summer came suddenly at last, and with it came also a short line of scarlet volumes, with here and there a tri-coloured variation, showing that we have known, too, something of victory. And now begins a new line—one of vivid yellow; autumn has come, and we are at war with China. Of these yellow books, one of the brightest in every sense of the word is Miss Scidmore's "China: The Long-Lived Empire." With the accuracy and broad judgment of a man, the heart and observation of a woman, and the touch of an artist, she has written a notable volume on China, its people, its political state and temper, its past, its present, its horrors, its charms, its extraordinary size and power of standing still, and its yet more extraordinary doggedness, apparent indifference, and inscrutability. The book is fascinating. The slow, curious power of the East seems to have crept into its pages; and it is impossible to avoid feeling the perhaps repellent, but irresistible, force of this problematic people. A wide range of subjects is covered in the eight and twenty chapters, and these are described and discussed with a knowledge gained during seven visits to China, and a good sense which is evidently inherent. "China," writes Miss Scidmore, "has been an old country for forty centuries. It has been dying of old age and senile decay for all of this century; its vitality running low, heart-stilling and soul-benumbing, slowly ossifying for this hundred years. . . . But it lives, nevertheless, the ancestor kingdom of all the world, the long-lived, undying

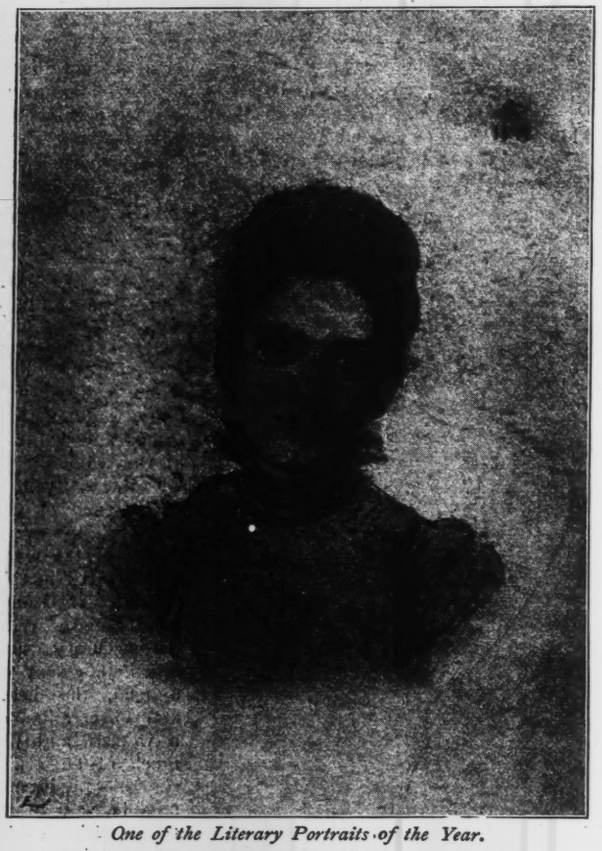
* "China: The Long-Lived Empire." By E. R. Scidmore. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"Wanderings in China." By C. F. Gordon Cumming. 6s. (Blackwood.)

"A Narrative of Events in China." By Henry Brougham Loch. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

"The Attaché at Peking." By A. B. Freeman-Mitford, C.B. 6s. Macmillan.

Empire." At the end she writes:—"The Chinese in the present and the future remain problems more baffling and unsatisfactory each time one attempts them. China is very old, very tired, sick. . . . It does not want to be dragged out into the fierce white light and the contests of the new century. But how can it prevent it? Will it rouse itself from its long paralysis and benumbed opium sleep, or will it be rudely awakened, broken up this time on the wheel of progress?" Speaking of other



One of the Literary Portraits of the Year.

MADAME DARMESTAETER (AGNÈS M. F. ROBINSON).

By Miss Lisa Stillman. Exhibited in the New Gallery. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

narratives of China, Miss Scidmore remarks that after the abbé—Abbé Huc—the best books of pure travel have been written by women, and she instances those of Miss Gordon Cumming and Mrs. Bishop. Of Miss Gordon Cumming's book, "Wanderings in China," a new edition is now before us—another yellow volume. This, written in diary form, is of a different type from Miss Scidmore's. It tells of the day by day life, adventures, and experiences to be lived through, and the conclusions to be drawn during a six months' journeying in the Celestial Empire, and in its own style is full of interest and value as the narrative of a quick-witted and observant traveller; while the remarks on missions and on the opium question are of permanent worth. Of yet another type is the third book under notice. This is the third edition of Lord Loch's "Personal Narrative of Occurrences during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy to China in 1860." Lord Loch, as is probably well known, was for some time private secretary to Lord Elgin, and as such was in China during the stirring times of the period mentioned in the title. His own experiences were thrilling, and his opportunities for learning facts and possibilities for the future were great. His account of the Chinese is tolerant and instructive, and the concluding remarks on the future policy to be pursued is interesting in the light of recent events. Mr. Freeman-Mitford's volume seems to combine in itself much of the charm and importance of the three above-mentioned books. It is composed of letters written in a lively style, full of detail and description, during his travels to, and after-residence in Peking; also giving information which, considering his capacity as *attaché*, may be taken as correct and authoritative. The letters were written more than thirty years ago, but, as their writer says in his sensible and very readable preface, "In China, and especially in Peking, the old order changes slowly, and they are at any rate a faithful record of the life which was led by those whose duties lay, as the Chinese say, 'within the walls.'" On China and the Chinese character the four writers are in the main agreed. Perhaps one may note one point a little more decidedly than the others—Miss Gordon Cumming may see a dazzling golden palace where Miss Scidmore sees dull yellow tiles; or Miss Scidmore may be much impressed by the marvellous workmanship of the Marble Bridge, while Mr. Mitford sees chiefly and shudders at the horrors of the Beggars' Bridge; but their points of unison are many. Of two matters, however, Mr. Mitford is strongly convinced, and he states his convictions emphatically; first, that the seat of government should on no account be allowed to remain at Peking, "the old death-trap," but should be removed to Nanking; second, that the secret of the anti-foreign troubles in China is not to be explained by missions, or trade—not even the opium trade; but by the fact that foreign intercourse, meaning Western progress, is hateful in the eyes of those in power, threatening as it does a sweeping away of all the sinful and dearly-loved privileges which are the salt of life to the mandarins, abolishing the thieveries, cruelties, and treacheries upon which they have battened for thousands of years. These books read in turn form a trustworthy explanation and honest comment on things as we are now finding them.

EVOLUTION AND THEOLOGY.*

A Christianity deprived of all supernatural elements; a Christ who was the product of His own time and His own environment; an amorphous Christian tradition formulated by Paul, developed by the German reformers and systematised into a Theology by the modern German critics; this is, in brief, the theme of these essays. They consist of reprints and translations of articles published by Professor Pfleiderer from time to time, and they serve to set forth in a popular and shorter form the system of philosophical Christianity which the author has expounded at greater length in his larger works. Professor Pfleiderer is a clear writer who rarely leaves us in doubt as to his exact meaning; he presents his views in eloquent and persuasive language, and cannot fail to impress his readers with a sense of his earnestness and singleness of purpose.

Of the papers contained in this volume, the most important are the essays on "Evolution and Theology," "Theology and Historical Science," and "The Essence of Christianity." The relations of the German School of Theology to modern Christianity are dealt with in the articles on "Luther as the founder of Protestant Civilisation," and "National Traits of the Germans as seen in their Religion." The other papers are of value, as being complementary in the construction of the outline of the new evolutionary Theology of which Professor Pfleiderer is an apostle. Although written at different times and for different periodicals, there is so much of unity of purpose in these essays that they may be considered together as a programme of the school which the author represents. The standpoint is that of evolution, but it is an evolution which is supernatural in the sense that it is ordered by the Divine Logos, defined by him as the rational, purposeful thought of God, which is "the creating, regulating and ruling power over nature." His evolution is not the self-originating and self-determining differentiation and integration of an eternal homogeneous prothyle, but is one that is not only set agoing, but controlled by a power external to itself. That power is God, who works for a purpose, the ultimate supremacy of the morally good.

This principle being assumed, the author proceeds to state as his fundamental proposition that evolution excludes miracles in every sense of the word, not merely nature-miracles but spirit-miracles as well, such as the "intervention of a foreign power in the human soul, whereby conditions are produced in it which do not result from the causal connection with antecedent conditions." He considers himself bound to this by his definition of the evolution theory, which makes it necessary "to explain every condition as the causally determined development out of a preceding one."

The terms of this definition are discordant with his primary assumption, according to which the creation, regulation and ruling cannot be, in any sense, regarded as a causally determined development. If his theory of the origin of the evolu-

* "Evolution and Theology, and other Essays." By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D. Edited by Orello Cone. (Adam and Charles Black.)

tion be true, the Divine inception of the plan was voluntary, and it would be illogical to predicate that the Power which could, of His own will, initiate the rule of evolutionary law is incompetent to make any change which He pleases in the realm of which He is the "creator, regulator and ruler."

The documents which record the foundation of the Christian religion speak on every page of events which are of the kind that this fundamental proposition excludes. It is therefore necessary for those of this school to formulate a canon of criticism which will remove these from the history. All that is miraculous must be deleted, because "contradictory to the methodic requirement of modern science to demonstrate the causal connection of events according to the law of experience."

The essence of Christianity, according to Professor Pfleiderer, is the recognition that man is the son of God; the consciousness that he is a child absolutely bound, in a spirit of loving obedience, to obey the holy will of God; that the true redeeming and saving faith of the Christian consists in his adopting this ideal as the conviction of his heart and the principle of his life; that Christ came to offer to mankind the very fulfilment of their yearning after salvation; and that Christ's spirit of saving and sanctifying love is the bond that unites and animates all His disciples. The God to whom the Christian thus feels himself bound is the creator and controller of all things, one who on this hypothesis must have the ability to communicate with the creatures whom He has made, whose deepest yearnings are for communion with Him; yet He has, according to the principles of Professor Pfleiderer's Christianity, either no message for man, or refuses to give him the message, and all that evangel which man has, from the first, believed to be a message from God is simply his own imagining, the creation of his own fancy. He has no guarantee that there is any objective reality at the back of his self-persuasion. History relates that God has revealed Himself, but it has coupled this account with the record of spiritual miracles of the sort specified above. But the author rejects the account of the former, on the ground of its connection with the latter. The most that he can urge as a ground for the acceptance of this form of Christian belief is that he postulates the truth of his beliefs, for he acknowledges that without the pre-supposition of its truth, faith becomes merely an illusion, an aesthetical semblance. His position here is much like that taken by Ignorance in his conversation with Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The Christ of Professor Pfleiderer's theology was the product of the time-conditions under which He lived. This requires a complete recasting of the historical environments of Christ. The sketch of these given by our author does not accord with the account of the history and spirit of the times, as far as we can apprehend them from the statements of contemporary writers, such as Josephus, or from the deductions which can be drawn from early rabbinical sources. It also requires the careful and arbitrary sorting out of all those parts of the Gospel narratives which run counter to the hypothesis; such as our Lord's forecast of His own death, and the large element in the Gospels in which He gives His own account of the Kingdom which He has come to found, and of His relationship to God. Even when the history is deprived of all these, which we regard as integral parts of the complete picture, the figure of Christ, though maimed and mutilated, stands out with characteristics which cannot be accounted for as products of any simple process of evolution. He, of whom His contemporaries testified that He taught as one having authority, whom His enemies were unable to convince of sin, and of whom they were constrained to say that never man spake as this man, is one whose unique position in the history of humanity even our author is compelled to admit. If it be granted that the critic has a free hand to take whatever liberties an arbitrary canon of criticism requires, it is easy for him to draw the environment as he wills; in short, to construct the environment from his own conception of its product, and this is, in great measure, what Professor Pfleiderer has done.

It is a difficult task, and one in the accomplishment of which the author is not wholly consistent. He has *in limine* rejected the spirit-miracles defined above which assumed the influence of a power from without, acting on the human soul; yet, when speaking of the converting grace of Christ, he says that the surrender of man's will to God is the work of God in man, the gift of His mercy, the drawing and impulse of His Holy Spirit. Here, as in very many parts of his book, Professor Pfleiderer is far better than his system; indeed, throughout a very large portion of these essays, the realisation of the Divine power working in man is enunciated as clearly and fervently as it has ever been by the most orthodox exponent of Christianity.

The ethical system which the author defends is based on the inseparability of an ideal morality from religion, as he believes that the ethical sanction must be based on some super-subjective rational will. The standard of right is a law, imposed from without, unconditionally binding on us, which must have as its indispensable support the religious belief in an over-ruling Providence. Once and again he contends against the spirit of asceticism, and also against the attempt to found morality on a basis of naturalism or of utilitarianism; and while admitting that in the case of particular individuals a high ethical standard may co-exist with the rejection of religion, he takes the position that the maintenance of a religious faith is necessary for the keeping up of a moral consciousness among the mass of mankind.

The metaphysical basis of Professor Pfleiderer's philosophy is an eclectic idealism, rejecting on the one hand the subjective idealism of Kant, and on the other the scepticism which regards the belief in God as an idea that is without all recognised relation to the content of our rationally connected consciousness. By the presupposition of a transcendent original unity, he seeks to mediate in the antitheses of self and world, of spirit and nature, with which consciousness and mental volition and action are concerned, through the ideas of the true and the good. Just as reason must by its peculiar constitution find in the world the constant realisation of a universal natural and moral order, so also it is compelled to postulate the eternal reason of God as the ground of this progressive rational order of nature. In the phases of this world-order, physical, ethical and spiritual, with their constantly and necessarily correlated subjective and objective sides, he believes that we have the manifestation of the idea of God as omnipotence and all-consciousness, holiness and justice, love and wisdom, Who lies behind the order as the active ordering subject.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

One of the Literary Sculptures of the Year.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

By E. Onslow Ford, R.A. Exhibited in the Royal Academy. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist and of Messrs. Cassell and Company.

ABERDEEN AND BANFF.*

What is there in Aberdeen—is it the climate, or the granite, or the strain of Flemish blood, or the bursary system, or a sneaking want of dislike for Episcopacy?—that has made the town a city of historians as indubitably as the shire has been the nursery of metaphysicians, journalists, and good minor poets. The judicial Robertson and the colossal Tytler belonged to the Lothians, and neither of our two present-day historians Mr. Hume Brown and Mr. Lang can be thrilled by boyish recollections into exclaiming ecstatically with Dunbar:

> Blithe Aberdeen, thou beryl of all tounis,
> The lamp of beauty, bounty, and blitheness!

But Barbour, Wyntoun, Fordun, Boece, Leslie, Dempster, Burnet, the two Inneses, the two Skenes, the two Chalmerses, Hill Burton, Grub, hearty and evergreen Professor Masson, and Dr. John Mackintosh (whose "History of Civilisation," that quarry of most valuable information, is being in my opinion scandalously neglected)—the great majority, in fact, of the men who have, during the past three centuries, been writing (and also rewriting) Scottish history and romantic historical legend, are Aberdonians. And now an addition has been made to this big and formidable battalion. Mr. William Watt, although not such a stylist as Sir Herbert Maxwell when he takes time and pains, or Sir George Douglas when he "lets himself go," has produced what to my thinking is the best so far of Messrs. Blackwood's "County Histories." It is solid, admirably arranged, and lucidly written. Besides, it presents—as none of its predecessors does—in the form of a handy volume of not too many pages what in the Macaulay-ridden journalese of a quarter of a century ago was styled a "microcosm" of Scottish history as a whole. No doubt Mr. Watt has had one great advantage. The sturdy citizens who have in the course of generations produced in present-day Aberdeen the handsomest city in Scotland may be divided into two classes—the men who have made history and the men who have written it, both in a quiet way. With "The Book of Deer," and the superb collection of historical and eminently human documents which the energy and enlightenment of the Spalding Clubs have given to the public all at his elbow, Mr. Watt could hardly have failed to write a good book. But saturated as he is with this literature, and, in his own undemonstrative way, in love with Bon Accord, he has produced a masterpiece.

"Aberdeen in the fifteenth century," says Mr. Watt (p. 90), "presents us with the most perfect specimen that we have of the municipal organisation of a Scottish royal burgh. Unlike Edinburgh, Stirling, or even Perth, it was rarely, and only for a brief interval, that the power of the Town Council was overshadowed by the presence or intervention of the Crown." This volume is essentially a history of the best municipal patriotism that Scotland can show—a patriotism that while it established and developed industries, reclaimed land, and reaped the harvest of the sea, yet did not neglect literature or art, but is as proud of its university as of the substantial conservative character of its citizens, who

> Are not for new paths, but rather
> Each one jogs after his old father;
> In other things discreet and sober,
> Their zeal no warmer than October.

And yet this municipal patriotism had a desperate struggle. From the days when, as the Apardion of the Heimskringla, the valiant Viking Eystein sacked it, to the final Jacobite rising, the town felt the weight of many a brutal hand. The county was the Armageddon of the Bruces and the Comyns—the ring for the "Tiger Earl" and the "Cock o' the North." The "Wolf of Badenoch," who anticipated the Lords of the Congregation in their greed for church lands, harried it. His son, the marvellous Earl of Mar, greatest of caterans and most brilliant of (illegitimate) Stewarts, did a stroke of plundering in his young days, but in 1411 saved the town and perhaps—in spite of Dr. Mackintosh—Lowland Scotland as well from conquest by arresting the progress of Donald, Lord of the Isles, on the bloody field of Harlaw. Montrose and his wild Irish were no more merciful to the city of Aberdeen than Eystein and his buccaneers. It played its part in the struggle between Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism, though, in spite of Andrew Cant, it was never ultra-Covenanterish, while in the Earl Marischal the county gave Jacobitism its paladin. Yet the municipality grew and grew in strength and in wealth, until it became what the English visitor sees and admires to-day. By telling this story succinctly and, where legend is concerned, with a scepticism which yet does not err on the side of excess, Mr. Watt has made a valuable addition, not only to local but to general historical literature.

Mr. Watt has made one mistake which is difficult to forgive. He and his volume are so dominated by Aberdeen that he is unjust to Banff. The smaller county figures in his pages as a sort of suburb or fringe to the larger, and has to be content with paragraphs instead of chapters. Such treatment is unfair to a fine and typical Scotch county—Banffshire, with its herring and its cattle, its marble and its old red sandstone, its Dick Bequest, its Battle (and beverage) of Genlivet. Its towns, such as the quiet but solid Banff, bristling with the names of family lawyers like one of Anthony Trollope's novels, and quaint old Cullen, which has been glorified and rendered distinctly (old) Roman by a railway viaduct, have a character all their own; and so have the picturesque fishing communities, etherealised by Dr. George Macdonald, which dot its coast. Mr. Watt gives us no adequate picture of Banffshire. He should either have let it alone or given it a fair share of his attention and a good slice of his volume.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "A History of Aberdeen and Banff." By William Watt. (Blackwood.)

THE CHANCELLOR L'HOSPITAL.*

One is not much drawn, in a busy world, to the reading of English "prize essays." Like Newdigate Poems and all that kind of literature, they seem to be written under conditions which take the spring from originality or forbid inspiration; they are made to order—a security for well-fitting boots or hats, but hardly for fine exercises of the mind. However, this unpretending, ingenuous, and careful study I have myself gone through with interest, and should like to see enlarged. Mr. Atkinson has not attempted to gauge the unpublished sources for a life of L'Hospital. He relies on printed authorities, present or past, and gives us an excellent bibliography. In point of style he is grave and modest, a little wanting in colour and movement. His feelings are with the Huguenots, but still more with his hero, the advocate of toleration during the most intolerant period of the sixteenth century. I take it that his narrative is, in the main, true; and since we have no account of the Chancellor in English, this small volume is entitled to its own place on our shelves, as well as to our grateful attention.

Michel de l'Hospital (1506-1573), is one of that exceptional yet well-marked group of Frenchmen, lawyers, jurists, historians, statesmen, or religious reformers, in whom we detect something serious and almost German, strongly in contrast with their brilliant kinsfolk, Rabelais, Montaigne, Voltaire. He was a Liberal born out of due season, a Catholic of the moderate school, singularly just in his administration of law and finance, amid the corruptions of the age that Catherine de' Medici illustrated in more senses than one; and he lived long enough to witness the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which he might easily have perished. "He has been variously described," says Mr. Atkinson, "as an atheist, a bad Catholic, a heretic, and an incomplete Protestant," all which disobliging adjectives if we put together, we shall know pretty well where the man stood. There is a likeness between this pleasant writer of Latin prose or verse and Sir Thomas More; but the English Chancellor has bequeathed his large thoughts to us in "Utopia," and L'Hospital's elegant hexameters are forgotten. His treatise on "The Reformation of Justice" did him great honour; still more like the man was the plea which he submitted "on the necessity of ending the Civil War," in which he argues, not for the peculiar creed of the Huguenots, but for their claims as French citizens whom the king ought to deal with mercifully. In general he identified religion with justice and toleration. He suffered much from a Court in which his principles were laughed at, from unscrupulous enemies, and from the spirit of the times, hostile as it was to the Lockian idea of the State which he seems to have anticipated. We associate him in memory with De Thou, with Grotius, with Turgot—these are the Continental Whigs, whose policy, had it been followed, might have spared us not only the Saint Bartholomew but the "horrors of the French Revolution." They could not have a sounder title to our affection and regard.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Michel de l'Hospital." Being the Lothian Prize Essay, 1899. By C. T. Atkinson, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. (Longmans.)

SOME RECENT ORNITHOLOGICAL WORKS.*

During recent years a change has come over the making of popular bird-books, and happily a change for the better; authors and publishers alike having discovered that the time has gone by when the mere repetition of all sorts of extraordinary old stories and the perpetuation of venerable and, in many cases, it must be admitted, rather picturesque errors passed muster between two new covers.

Mr. Charles Dixon's "Among the Birds in Northern Shires" has given us particular pleasure, on account of the fact that we have visited nearly every place named in the work, and witnessed for ourselves the scenes Mr. Dixon describes so well. Take, for instance, his descriptions of the guillemots and kittiwakes at the Farne Islands, the gannets on the Bass Rock, or the fulmars at St. Kilda, and his short, well-penned accounts bring the scenes back again to the man who has once looked for himself, which is one of the greatest compliments, we take it, that an author can be paid.

We agree with Mr. Dixon when he states that the northern shires are much more interesting from an ornithological point of view than those of the south during the breeding season and times of migration, and greatly appreciate his comparisons between them, but seriously doubt his statement on p. 64 that the eggs of the hen harrier are often destroyed by sheep, although it is apparently supported by the evidence of the intelligent keeper in Skye, who attributed the diminution of the species to this cause. When moorland sheep are wandering about of their own accord we have watched them headed off by such birds as curlews and peewits whenever they approached the uncovered eggs of these birds, and it is only reasonable to infer that a hen harrier would, under similar circumstances, be able to accomplish this desired end even more effectually. It might, of course, be urged that the sheep are driven over the nests by shepherd dogs, but mountain sheep have a habit, when being driven along their native hillsides, of following recognised tracks, where no hen harrier would ever dream of making her nest. We can assure the author that in one northern district this interesting species is being painfully thinned in numbers year by year by professional egg collectors, whom Mr. Dixon, we are glad to say, has rendered very scant assistance in his books, except in the notable instance of the St. Kilda wren, to which he first called attention, a fact which, we believe, he now, with ourselves, much regrets, because of the persecution which has followed the unfortunate bird.

The work is embellished by a coloured frontispiece and some forty reproductions from black and white drawings, which are in most instances very dainty and life-like. Those we do not like are the raven, the sandpiper, the king ouzel with the unnatural bump on his head, and the too-kestrel-looking merlin.

The next book on our list, "The Birds of my Parish," by Evelyn H. Pollard, we must confess, made us feel exceedingly stupid when on the very first page we were confronted by the following emphatic statement: "With a very little practice one is soon able to recognise at once any bird at a distance merely by its shape and movements, quite apart from the note it utters, an infallible means of identification." Nothing could well be more misleading or discouraging to beginners in the study of ornithology, for it really takes a long time to distinguish some species, and songs are, as a matter of fact, the very reverse of what our author states. Birds of different species borrow notes from each other to such an extent that our most practised field naturalists are often deceived by them. The very next sentence to the one quoted above gives our author away as an authority. "If you see a small bird on the grass, and are not near enough to distinguish colour, you can at once decide that it is a chaffinch by its graceful walk" (the bird, as a matter of fact, hops), "or a sparrow" (species not named) "by its general alertness and the angle at which its tail is carried." On page 27 the extraordinary statement is made that thrushes take their young "when about six weeks old" to teach them hunting.

"In Birdland with Field-glass and Camera" Mr. Oliver G. Pike treats us to many fresh and interesting field-notes, and we would have welcomed more of them in place of the quotations from other writers, some of whose utterances appear a little out of place in a book with such a breezy, open-air, first-hand observation title. Many of the photographic illustrations with which the book is embellished are very dainty, but we must impress upon Mr. Pike what we have tried to impress upon other natural history photographers, whose rapid increase is a great satisfaction, viz., not to figure his nests from such a point of view as will give them the appearance of toppling over. We appreciate his difficulties and have no doubt that he will overcome them in future efforts.

The last book on our list, "The Story of Bird Life," by W. P. Pycraft, is the least and cheapest, but in many respects we like it the best. We readily believe its author when he says, "To compress the Story of Bird Life within the limits of the present little work has been no easy task," and compliment him heartily upon the admirable way in which he has succeeded in achieving his object. For knowledge, lucidity, conciseness, and really interest-arousing qualities it would be hard to name a better elementary treatise. The work contains twelve short chapters dealing with the fascinating subjects of a bird's feathers and flight, courtship and family cares, distribution, migratory and other habits. We notice on page 155 a slip, where the guillemot is credited with laying a brace of eggs instead of only a single one, as in the case of the razor-bill mentioned just before it. The author in all probability intended the word pigeon instead of guillemot.

Richard Kearton, F.Z.S.

* "Among the Birds in Northern Shires." By Charles Dixon. (Blackie.)
"The Birds of my Parish." By Evelyn H. Pollard. (Lane.)
"In Birdland with Field-glass and Camera." By Oliver G. Pike. (Fisher Unwin.)
"The Story of Bird Life." By W. P. Pycraft. (Newnes.)

CORREGGIO.*

Antonio Allegri is generally known as Correggio because he lived there. This curious trick of naming artists after their addresses instead of their surnames was, of course, common among the great masters, though we do not know if it would be now accepted as a mark of greatness. Perhaps it would be a delicate attention to refer invariably to Sir William Richmond as "Hammersmith," while Professor Herkomer might go down to posterity with the really rollicking name of Hubert Bushy.

The series of "Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture" which Messrs. George Bell are bringing out sustains a definitely high level. Its "Andrea del Sarto" was readable, its "Velasquez" almost brilliant, the author of "Crivelli" dealt cleverly with a too recondite subject, and the author of "Correggio" deals cleverly with a too popular one. The "series" method has undoubtedly lured many a weak, well-meaning man into culture. The military instinct within us makes us delight in drilling twelve books in the same uniform. A British householder looks at them with something of the same heavy pleasure of possession with which he looks at the footmen in his livery; these books are the flunkeys of information. But though they have done unquestionable good in making men buy and (in some queer cases we could narrate) read a number of books on the most arid subjects, these little libraries are not likely to contain any work of startling individual value. Not once in fifty, not once in a hundred years (thank Heaven) does any man arise who has anything new and good to say about Correggio. The chances are a hundred to one against his rise being synchronous with that particular number in a particular series. The series and the vacancy for Correggio come in time; but it is too late. The young man is dead, perhaps, of mortified genius, or perhaps he has at last seen some Correggios and noticed that his theories are quite the reverse of the fact. Thus many powerful schools of criticism are lost to the world. But if, meanwhile, we ask for a thoughtful, accurate and suggestive book to assist us in the appreciation of Antonio Allegri, we need ask no better book than Mr. Brinton's.

In Correggio the fruit of the Renascence is ripe, so ripe that we cannot say certainly if it be over-ripe. Certainly he represents the aspect of the Renascence antagonistic to that represented, for example, by Michael Angelo. To the great Florentine the new movement brought light and power, not comfort. Body and soul were to be racked by a regimen more scientific, but not less austere. With a sternness similar to that of a greater innovator, he bade his followers see that their severity should exceed the severity of Giotto and Angelico. But in Correggio we have the sudden relaxation of cords. A general bodily abandon pervades his pictures: in the inspired and absurd phrase of Walt Whitman, he is "conscious of his body, so satisfied, so large." The limbs of his figures may seem

* "Correggio." By Selwyn Brinton, M.A. (George Bell and Son.)

to sprawl like Michael Angelo's. But the figures are not striking at the stars; they are stretching themselves.

The same trait characterises the sentiment of his pictures. Some of them are unfathomably tender; some of them (though never in the worst sense) sensual; in both of them we have something which is certainly not the spirit of a weak man, but which is perhaps the spirit of a strong man at a weak moment. The Renascence warmed all his passions. It is well that the sunshine should break up the snow, but the result is generally a mess; and we can never get rid of a consciousness of too much self-surrender in the sweetness of Correggio. The head of the Magdalene in the picture of the Madonna of St. Jerome is a good instance; the humanity of it is overwhelming; but it is possible to dislike being overwhelmed. Here at least we have the mystery of the Renascence. Correggio is uncorrupted, but he is the beginning of the corruption: of the victory of the flesh over the spirit, which is also, sooner or later, the victory of the flesh over the muscle.

A TALE OF WIZARDRY.*

Eyes will open wide at the date and the place of Mr. Morrison's story of witches, wizardry and smuggling—Essex, 1854-1860. It would befit the dark ages, but he vouches for the accuracy of the essentials; and though, as a good story, such accuracy matters little, it certainly adds to our curious interest in the tale that it should bring us so near to a remote past by its record of gloomy superstitions. We confess that beyond a general pity for her as a much harassed woman, Mrs. Martin, the reputed witch, does not hold our attention very much. But the girl that shares her evil fame, that lives under the shadow of her darkened life, Dorrily Thorn, is a heroine after our heart, gentle when events might have made her fierce, loyal when

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. ARTHUR MORRISON.
From Photo by F. W. Clark, Forest Gate.

youth and nature might have tempted her to faithlessness. The minor personages, save Roboshobery Dore, whose reasoning was as eccentric as his name, do not distract us overmuch. Indeed, Murrell holds the stage. A most impressive person is Murrell, with his incantations, his conjuring by the Angels serving in the Third Host, by the holy seal, and the Star Venus; his profound belief that power has been given him over evil things. A clever quack, you say, during your first meetings with him, seeing him not disdainful of money, and having a care for the *mise en scène*. But, later, your cynicism is flouted by his fits of generosity, by his refusal to be bought, or to play with his art, by the high ideal of life which he considers necessary that his powers should flourish. He put the smugglers' tubs out of his house when he felt his mind was lowered by the thought of gain—"silin' my hands with such unbeseemin' traffic hev done injury to my lawful arts—arts that need clean hands above arl things." A man of casuistry, of dark ways, but with the spirit of a genuine prophet within him was Murrell, and there was no thorough sceptic about his powers in all the parish. As he lies dying he hears the whistle of the railway train. He knows his day is over, and appoints to die on the morrow at one o'clock. And he does so punctually.

We congratulate Mr. Morrison on his success in a new field. Old Essex ways and Essex folks should serve him many times yet in his story-telling.

* "Cunning Murrell." By Arthur Morrison. 6s. (Methuen.)

A COMPANIONABLE GHOST.*

In a field teeming with difficulty "Lucas Malet" has achieved a clear success. Read her new book as you will, as a literal story, or a symbolic dream, it never halts. It is quite convincing—to all reasonable, that is, not too reasoning persons. Every now and then we think it must break the subtle, delicate fabric, of which the best of it is made. But the touch is always light enough. Perhaps from the point of view of mere cleverness nothing is more admirable than her choice of personages. There is a hero with, it is true, some memory of ideals and poetic enthusiasms in his past, but a dilettante, and spoilt by sojourning in fashionable New York society. His wife is an American beauty, smart, up-to-date, and with a genius for toilettes and for getting her own way. She has had a triumphant success at home, and has the ambition of repeating it in England for the benefit of that benighted country. There is a materialistic philosopher, a man of science of terribly reasonable views, who snubs all speculation other than physical in the most superior way. These are fine persons to have a ghost mixed up in their lives. And such a ghost! So fine and frail and charming! She passes like the scent of roses in a garden, but your eyes have beheld a girl of the tenderest human beauty. Her beauty disarms your terror. And yet, even when she is drawn back almost over the threshold of life once more, she is still a ghost. Even in the moment when she is conscious that she is on one side of the barrier and her living lover on the other, she is a ghost—or nearly so. "Lucas Malet" has dared the almost impossible.

Agnes is a very haunting ghost. She compels you by her shy deprecating beauty, her gentleness. And while she haunts, she comforts. To the young man whose springs of life and love and enthusiasm had all but dried up in his sojourn among "smart" people, she reveals his truer self by transforming him for the time into that ancestor of his who had been her lover. There is an initial pain, but there is great relief in reaching one's self after years of exile. At the moment when she was the most serious rival to his elegant wife, she was perhaps too much of a delirious delight to afford comfort. But when she vanishes and appears in dreams, she reasserts her quiet power as a never-failing defence against loneliness. She is a kind ghost, and as her vassal he must be kind, too, and fulfil his duty towards the nearer world. It is the price of her companionship, which keeps fresh in him the flowers of youth, gives him back to himself, and secures him peace and freedom in his secret heart.

We have barely suggested the story. We have given only a hint of the delicacy of tone, of the fine workmanship. But we commend the book heartily to readers who value an hour or two's respite from the power of the commonplace.

ANOTHER SKIPPER'S WOOINGS.†

Mr. Jacobs has achieved the impossible. He has been almost continuously funny for three hundred pages. Having said this, it may seem a little ungrateful to dwell on his deficiencies. But it is just because he has done so well already that we have learnt to expect so much from him. It would be a poor compliment to the author of "Many Cargoes" to refrain from criticising his work. Surely of all living English humourists—alas, how few they are!—he is not least able to

* "The Gateless Barrier." By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
† "A Master of Craft." By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)

stand the ordeal. Brilliant as "A Master of Craft" is, we must confess that in some ways it is a little disappointing. It is a miracle of ingenuity, full of that farcical humour and dramatic irony of which Mr. Jacobs is a master. It contains some of his very best work. Nothing, for example, could be funnier than the feline amenities of the Seabridge matrons, or the infantile diplomacy of Captain Barber. But, in spite of all this, it is clear that the author has slightly overstrained his

MR. W. W. JACOBS.
(From a Photograph recently taken by an Amateur.)

powers. The book is too long, and is marred by that jerkiness which is apt to characterise the serial story. Towards the end the fun begins to pall, and we get rather weary of the amatory skipper. Then, again, to hint once more at Mr. Jacobs' limitations, there is more than a suggestion of repetition. As we read we are haunted by a feeling that somewhere we have read much of it before. Again and again we catch an echo of "Many Cargoes" and "The Skipper's Wooing." The humours of a coasting schooner as depicted in "A Master of Craft" are diverting to a degree; but it is possible to have too big a dose. The people of Boston are said to live on pumpkin pies and past recollections. We hope Mr. Jacobs will not follow their example, and after once striking out a new line for himself never have the courage to leave it again. With his irrepressible sense of the ridiculous he can hardly fail to do better work than this. But to do it, he must check this fatal tendency to repeat himself.

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE.*

If the gifted writer of "The Divine Adventure" had waited till, on one night of nights, she had dreamed the thing into shape, it had been better. As it stands, it only raises in all, save those over-susceptible to fine language, the old and quite useless regret for the absence of all sense of architecture from the Celtic genius. Whatever its high purpose, however beautiful its phrasing, it is but a poor kind of symbolic story enmeshed in very hazy metaphysics. The Soul, the Will, and the Body, setting out as separate yet interdependent entities, on an adventure, is a perilous subject for poetry, and desperate so far as truth is concerned. The situation has pitfalls for gravity, too; and when the Will springs into the cart on p. 76 some readers will feel that in justice to the seriousness of the occasion they had better follow no further.

The real delight of the book for us began with "Iona," a beautiful, a memorable study in the spiritual history of a little island. It is a gathering up of legends; it is homage to a great past; it is a revelation of the tie that binds the pious, the faithful, the visionary, now as in old times, to that holy earth. It is noteworthy, too, as containing a conviction so strange to hear at this hour. Perhaps one must live in Western Isles to share it; but it is good in the midst of the din of war, and while watching the rise of the old, fierce, barbaric sap, whilst jostled everywhere by feverish buyers and sellers, to listen to such words uttered surely, not frivolously. "I believe that we are close upon a great and deep spiritual change. I believe a new redemption is even now conceived of the Divine Spirit in the human heart." On every page one finds some reference to a life of the spirit, vividly real, widely shared by simple folks, which we of the hurrying world have come to think of as long past, and as the heritage of a very small select aristocracy of saints and poets. We name here only the humble tale of the blind piper Raonall Dall, who played before the lonely cell which legend says is the hermitage and grave of St. Michael. "When asked what he was playing and what for, in that lonely spot, he said it was an old, ancient pibroch . . . just to cheer the heart of the good man below." The Western folks had a high-handed way of appropriating the bones of saints and even great sinners. Mary Magdalene, they say, lies in a cave of Iona. But then they account for such high presences by fine and worthy legends.

It would be well for the mouthers of current literary phrases if they would read the chapter in which Miss Fiona Macleod deals with what is called the "Celtic Renaissance." In its quiet, steady-brained, honest moderation they might learn something of the movement which is called by that name, and also of the imbecility of labels in general. It is the writer who is accounted the most Celtic of all, in Great Britain at least, who writes, "I think Catullus sang more excellently than Bailê Honeymouth, and that Theocritus loved nature not less than Oisin, and that the ancient makers of the Kalevala were as much children of the wind and wave and the intimate natural world as were the makers of the ancient heroic chronicles of the Gael."

* "The Divine Adventure: Iona. By Sundown Shores. Studies in Spiritual History." By Fiona Macleod. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

TALES OF A WANDERER.*

Mr. Cunninghame-Grahame's tales are reminiscent of a time that is past, of countries that have changed, of people that have disappeared. So he says, and yet he is hardly a veteran. But the last twenty years or so have indeed, with their railroads, their advertisements, their machine-made comforts imported into the desert and the pampas, made havoc of a past worthy of tender memories, whatever its drawbacks. These "sketches, stories, studies, or what do you call them" contain fascinating glimpses of South American plains, of Mexico, and all the elsewhere with the old Spanish names that tell of pages of romantic life over and gone for ever. This traveller was there before the modern pioneer had foisted his barbarianism on them for their own. His papers have sometimes no very definite beginning nor end. They are scraps from old note-books, yet we read on from one to another, and find at last a vague unity. Underneath them all lies the same contemptuous hatred for modern commerce, "that vivifying force, that bond of union between all the basest instincts of the basest of mankind, that touch of lower human nature which makes all the lowest natures of mankind akin."

There are Spaniards and Arabs, and Texans and Germans, and every other kind of countryman tramping through the book, and they are watched with a fairly tolerant eye—with an appreciative one when they are either romantic or amusing. Yet they are hardly the heroes of the book. Men are snubbed, laughed at, sometimes remotely idealised. His aspiration to be just to humanity does not always fulfil. But he is here the unwearied, the tender, and the eloquent champion of horses. The sketch called "Calvary" is a wonderful appeal for understanding and justice in dealing with creatures that nobly serve our joys, our adventures, our trading, and whose latter end is so often a shame to us. And the appeal is not generally sermonising in form. Here is an example, chosen almost at random, of how lightly and pleasantly he combines episode and description, while he works on our sympathies:—

"In this Arcadia we remained some days, and hired several girls to bathe the horses, which they performed most conscientiously, splashing and shouting in the stream for hours at a time, and bringing back the horses clean, and garnished with flowers in their manes. I rode one day to see a village two or three leagues away, where report said some of the Jesuit books had been preserved, and passed the night in a small clearing, where a fat and well-cared-for-looking handsome roan horse was tied. On seeing me he broke his picket-rope, ran furiously four or five times round me in circles and then, advancing, put his nostrils close to the nostrils of my horse, and seemed to talk to him. His owner, an old Paraguayan . . . . told me his horse had been with him far into the interior, and for a year had never seen another horse. But, he said, Tata Dios has given every animal its speech after its kind, and he is glad to see your horse, and is no doubt asking him the news."

The most charming of the sketches is that which ends the

* "Thirteen Stories." By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. 6s (Heinemann.)

volume, "Sohail," called after the star with which the fate of the Arab is bound up. The lingering of the star in Spain still makes Spain different from other European lands. Watching it at Cadiz he bursts into longing that across the straits it may again "shine upon the old wild life of the vast plains, upon the horsemen flying on the sands, whirling and circling like gulls, whilst the veiled women raise the joyous cry which pierces ear and soul; upon the solemn stately men who sit and look at nothing all a summer's day, and above all upon the waveless inland sea men call the Sahara."

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND.*

Mr. Le Gallienne has given us a wholly pleasant book, a book about places we all know well, Selborne, Stratford, Stonehenge, Winchester, the Cotswolds; and he has told us nothing we did not know already, but rather a good deal less. There are no maps, no practical hints, no thrilling adventurous experiences, hardly any anecdotes. Yet in its unambitious, leisurely pleasantness it is eminently useful. It must recall to whoever takes it up the great and very good fact, obscured by railway bills, by tourist advertisements, by the temptations calling to us from all over the world, that here, close by, are places of rest, of silence, where the mind can find new images, can recall forgotten sweetness, and find wayside wells of refreshment. The secret of real holiday-making lies in his definition of Speed: "Speed is a method by which we miss as much as possible between our starting point and our destination." Go at your happy leisure, and see with unhasting eye, if you go only for ten miles—very old and sound advice, which yet on the eve of a holiday, may seem of sudden novelty. Of course, Mr. Le Gallienne is a literary pilgrim; he communes with Walton and White and Hazlitt, and William Morris and Lord de Tabley by the road. But he shows the good old way to such as are not scribblers, inasmuch as the green world is the book he reads in most; and when he writes a verse, it is of this unpremeditated kind:

> "Of all the meals you can buy for money,
> Give me a meal of bread and honey!
>
> A table of grass in the open air,
> A green bank for an easy chair,
>
> The table-cloth inwrought with flowers,
> And a grass hopper to tick the hours,"

and so on.

The book is a short one, for he wastes no unnecessary words of his own. It should have been shorter by the omission of the quotations, quite irrelevant, from the tombstones of Lord de Tabley's ancestors. Their inclusion looks as if Mr. Le Gallienne in an unworthy moment had been afraid of facing the public without a bit of solid, accurate information in his hand. The reader who reads in a right spirit will skip them. In the other pages he will gather the desire and find the guide for quiet unanxious wanderings, during which he will loiter, and gaze, and listen, from which he will come home to babble only of green fields, but with a sense of having covered great space and fathomed long time.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE FOURTH GENERATION. By Walter Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)

There are some quotations which are rarely finished; and the title of this novel is taken from one of these. Frequently one hears the words, "The sins of the fathers—" accompanied by a shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders; sometimes, as a tag, are added the words, "to the third and fourth generation"; but rarely is the sentence carried further, by word or thought. It is from this unfinished quotation that Sir Walter Besant has woven his impressive story, and in it he shows with force, and lucidity, and absorbing circumstance, how the effects of a forefather's follies or crimes, while bringing suffering to innocent descendants, may yet be accepted as Consequence, not as Punishment. And, this being so, we see how the bitter misfortunes may be used either as a wise warning and a means by which to rise to better things, or an excuse for weak action and a weight to drag down the soul. The story deals with a murder, the perpetrator of which had never been discovered, but the effect of which was swift and far-reaching, even to the third and fourth generation. Suicide, bankruptcy, forgery, fraud, followed one upon another among the descendants of the house of Campaigne, and over those of this fine old family who remained innocent and honest lay ever the heavy shadow of the awful past and a dread of the relentless future. The fourth generation, the last of the doomed group of descendants, is, of course, the one with which the book chiefly deals; and the author has treated his subject carefully and sympathetically, with insight, with dignity, and with conviction. "The iniquity of the fathers" has long been a problem absorbing the minds of scores of men and women, as they watch the innocent suffering for the guilty; and Sir Walter Besant has here presented a comforting and reasonable solution. But perhaps some day we may turn and accept what is, after all, the simplest solution of the difficulty; we may give up questioning, and, passing the semi-colon, just finish the quotation to the full stop.

THE UTTERMOST FARTHING. By B. P. Neuman. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This book more than fulfils the promise of Mr. Neuman's earlier work. The idea is novel and carefully worked out. Told briefly the plot is this. Two men, Croft Crofts and Medlett, friends only in the conventional sense of the word, embark at Medlett's suggestion upon an unsound speculation. Medlett sells out in time, but ashamed of his want of judgment delays to warn Crofts. Crofts is unmanned by his loss and goes under, leaving his children to face the world alone. After a desperate struggle they pull through, thanks mainly to Nora, a masterful but fascinating girl. At last Medlett fails as Crofts had failed, and is reduced to begging from the children of the man he had ruined. It was the moment for which Nora, with her fierce yearning for vengeance, had longed and prayed. Now at last—but we had better leave the reader to discover what vengeance Nora took. Such is the story, improbable as it seems told in rough outline, which Mr. Neumann handles in masterly fashion. We wish he could have spared us Nora's middle-aged admirer. The episode makes the book a little disjointed, and it would have been easy to give her money in some simpler way. As a whole the book is excellent. Nothing could be more convincing than the picture of the moral and mental collapse of John Crofts. The delineation of Nora Crofts herself, strong-willed, embittered by her struggle, wildly revengeful and yet noble, is a really striking bit of work.

A FRIEND OF CÆSAR. By W. S. Davis. 6s. (Macmillan.)

American scholarship is fast coming to the front, and it is pleasant to welcome to England a book which combines with no slight literary ability a wide grasp of history. In reading a book of this kind the comparison with "Quo Vadis" inevitably suggests itself. But, as Mr. Davis is at some pains to point out in his preface, he is treating Roman history from the pagan rather than the Christian standpoint. The book opens with the combination of Pompey and the aristocracy to crush Cæsar, then pro-consul in Gaul. We are given a vivid sketch of society at Rome, corrupt, brilliant, and unstable. Events move rapidly. Cæsar's march on Rome is followed by the downfall of the Senate, and the story closes with the wedding in Egypt of the hero, Cæsar's favourite staff officer. Mr. Davis keeps exceedingly close to history, but he has contrived to invest his narrative with thrilling interest throughout. The book forms a luminous commentary on the history of the period. Mr. Davis is not without the defects of his qualities. His aim, as he admits in his preface, is largely educational. Indeed, with a book emanating from Harvard University it could hardly be otherwise. Nor does he escape the common fault of the novice, the fault of overcrowding his canvas. The book is too long, too full of incident. Hair-breadth escapes lose their impressiveness by repetition. Amidst the multitude of characters the reader may be pardoned for feeling a little bewildered at times. At the worst these are only faults of detail, more than counterbalanced by the general excellence of the book. It is pleasant to see that it has met with well deserved success in America, nor is there much doubt that it should prove equally popular here.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Marsh is a past master at the art of making one's flesh creep, and this volume now before us fully sustains his lurid reputation. The story called "A Psychological Experiment"

* "Travels in England." By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. 6s. (Richards.)

contains one of the most refined and picturesque murders we have ever come across in fiction. The purist in crime might perhaps criticise it as being too melodramatic; but it is a really artistic and polished performance. One of the cleverest of these tales is "A Pack of Cards," where the reader is as completely taken in as was the victim of the joke. Mr. Marsh believes in spiritualism, at least professionally, and several stories have a spiritualistic motive. These are less successful than the rest. Even Mr. Marsh, with all his skill, cannot lend much point to a spiritualistic story which is not true. Psychical phenomena, if we may be permitted such a portentous phrase, are risky material for the novelist. The general level is high, and it is scarcely too much to say that there is a thrill to every other page. It is a pity that such a story as "The Duke" should have been included. It is as vulgar as it is impossible, and altogether below the level of the rest of the book.

THE WHISTLING MAID. By Ernest Rhys. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

After a surfeit of minutely momentous German states and epigrammatic diplomats, nothing could be more delightful than to turn to Mr. Rhys' charming book. The book is as far removed from the sword and cloak romance as it is from the problem novel. Here is no psychology, no wearisome problem to vex us. "The Whistling Maid" is altogether restful and refreshing. Slight as the story is, the characters are not mere puppets. Luned herself, dainty and capricious with all a child's grace and charm, the pensive Jestyn, grim Howel Farf, and the wild, titanic, half-frenzied Rhosser, all stand out vividly before us. Here, amid the breath of the mountains and the music of beautiful Welsh names, is true romance.

THE DISHONOUR OF FRANK SCOTT. By M. Hamilton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

> "In tragic life, God wot,
> No villain need be! passions spin the plot:
> We are betrayed by what is false within."

These words of George Meredith are well chosen as the key-note of this novel. The story of Frank Scott is the story of a man brought to utter despair by his own actions, voluntarily performed, though under pressure either of emotions or circumstances. And placed before us as they are placed in these pages the actions seem terribly easy, in a way almost excusable. What was kindly, even noble, seemed so closely allied to what was dastardly. General rules of honest life demanded one course; individual circumstances seemed to force, almost to sanction, another. Of course the old, tried rules are right in the long-run, and the self-elected course means ruin. The main dishonour in the story is bigamy; but to tell that fact is to give a scant idea of the power of the book. The author's hand is sure; there is no falsity in his treatment of his theme; and to his honesty of purpose and sympathy with his characters is due the result that he makes of his story a clever book, whereas it might easily have been dull and improbable.

A SON OF AUSTERITY. By George Knight. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

This is the story of the progress of a prig. To do the prig justice, he is faintly aware of his priggery before we take leave of him, and a little ashamed of it. We believe his future intentions are good. But what will become of him when it disappears? Will he just be an ordinary young man? If this happens, may he never find it out! For he is not of the sort to bear it well. Paul is that most dreary thing for the hero of a novel—a dilettante dabbler in literature, an aspiring but raw, half-educated thinker, and young enough to love very tall talk. But an older man encourages him. Says the Rev. Patrick Stuart to him, "If soaring epigrams were logic, you would be a second Aristotle."

"I will descend instanter," said Paul, knitting his brows ominously; the vicar's rapier was no despicable bodkin, "and summarise, as thus: the crux of the External, the Beyond, the Not-Earthly, is the Infinite." And so on the older man listens indulgently. But readers may be less well-mannered.

Besides talk there is a story, more or less good. But the personages are tortured into complexity, and some—Elsie, the blind elf, is an instance—we do not even wish to believe in. We have not praised Mr. Knight's new book, because it seems to us only raw material. But there is an extraordinary amount of cleverness running about in it. Fewer ideas and a little more art would have made a better story.

THE SECRET OF THE CRATER. By Duffield Osborne. (Putnams.

We have a sense of ingratitude in turning the last pages of this story. Such careful work, such elaborate planning, and no meagre imagination too, have gone to make it. It is so excellent, and, alas! we find it so little enjoyable. Are we, perhaps, sated with adventures in lost islands; and may not other fresher readers enjoy where we have only coldly admired? There is a valiant American; there is a lovely princess of Carthaginian descent; there are the usual and some unusual obstacles to their union, with, of course, triumph in the end. But the fighting is well worth watching, if you get concerned about the interests at stake.

CHRISTALLA. By Esme Stuart. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Christalla" is neither a novel nor a story for children. For ordinary grown-up readers the flavour of the nursery and school-room is too strong. For children it would be distinctly unwholesome. A tale where a matrimonial tragedy is one of the chief incidents, in which a little boy with life enough to last him a good hundred years, dies of an illness caused by sitting in the cold waiting for an adored and faulty mother who deserts him and his father, and in which the heroine is a consummate little prig—though a really amiable prig—should be kept out of young folks' way as far as possible. But the book has something to interest lovers of children. Christalla we dislike, and we think that an awful fate is in store for any one who was so self-consciously reasonable at a tender age. The child who complacently, insensitively disturbed the Sunday and other habits of that good pagan historian, Mr. Cartmell, would be an intolerable nuisance at twenty-five. Luckily the writer takes us no further in her career than her success in the History Tripos—a new-fashioned and very dull way of crowning a heroine's virtues. But some of the minor characters are decidedly amusing.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART. By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Freemantle.)

Here is a very representative collection of love affairs, as watched by a shrewd modern eye. Miss Hunt is a connoisseur in the latest "phase," the latest "pose." Her satire is not harsh, but she is not easily taken in. The world is very much with the persons of her drama, the world of the London of to-day; and if some of the situations, tender or passionate, or ridiculous, seem rather forced and artificial, they may none the less reflect the actual life which the stories attempt to portray. One of the best, but certainly one of the cruellest, is the tale of the woman who poses as the desperate daredevil decadent before a man whose tastes, she thinks, lie in that direction. So they do; but he falls in love with an innocent chit of a girl, and then confides his happiness in the ears of his daring friend, who had played the fool to a very disagreeable tune, and quite in vain. The stories and dialogues are of various degrees of interest and workmanship. Perhaps only the best are worthy of the clever writer. But together they make an entertaining volume.

THE SILVER DOVE. By A. C. Inchbold. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Is this a very much earlier production than "Princess Feather"? It is far less mature, and takes but little hold of the reader. It might have been written by a writer of much less ability than Mrs. Inchbold. A well-intentioned story is all you can say of "The Silver Dove." "Princess Feather" was an achievement. As a temperance tale, and as an encouragement to human endeavour, it is weak. A poor, distracted girl, married to a man whom she discovers to be a drunkard, runs away, and that she may not be found by him, she robs a jeweller's shop, and is condemned to prison. She is on the eve of brain fever at the time, but still the affair is unfortunate, and not one likely to make matters better at her home. The husband receives a shock, and turns over a new leaf decisively. But the shock might not have been curative. And there is a want of grip in the minor portions too.

THE IMAGE BREAKERS. By Gertrude Dix. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a good, honest bit of work, and of genuine interest. The stamp of truthfulness is on it—not merely truthfulness in the description of socialist interiors, of workshops, of the life of men and women in London to-day who think for themselves, and do what they can to plan their existence accordingly. There is beyond that a truthfulness of sentiment. Miss Dix seems to have watched long before she wrote down the essence of her experience. It is a tragic book, though for one

of its heroines it has a comfortable ending. The subject is an old one, the conflict of ideals with personal cravings and needs, the personal cravings crying out loud in the end, if unsatisfied, that they speak with the voice of Nature and Providential intention, and that ideals must give way. And, of course, ideals do. But here, with the writer's will or against it, we are forced into profoundest sympathy with the idealists, during their most faithful period. And whatever be our opinions, we are constrained to feel regret for Rosalind's discovery that life has died out of her early vision of the Cause. She, and not Leslie, who succumbs more easily to the plain facts of life, is the interesting figure; for Miss Dix has known how to lend a peculiar pathos and dignity to that generally unpopular kind of woman who outrages public opinion in the name of Duty.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALLEN LORNE, MINISTER OF RELIGION. By Alexander McDougall. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

A taste for theology seems part of the intellectual heritage of the true Scot, and to Scotchmen accordingly we commend this book. The story—rather familiar nowadays—is that of a young man training for the ministry, and harassed by doubts unintelligible to the narrow orthodoxy of his friends. This is not a great book: it will not for a moment stand comparison with the treatment of the same theme in "The Increasing Purpose." But it bears the stamp of truth, and much of it is obviously taken from real life. It is written, as the awe-inspiring title implies, in the first person, with the result that Allen Lorne appears a prig of no ordinary magnitude. Mr. McDougall has not solved the old problem of combining amusement and instruction. But he has written a thoughtful and serious book; and those who have no objection to a pronounced sermonic flavour, will find much to interest them in it.

THE SOFT SIDE. By Henry James. 6s. (Methuen.)

It is a wonderful thing, the art of Henry James. Just a few penstrokes, one of his interminable and baffling sentences, and there is a situation flashed upon us, or a character made to reveal itself in half a dozen lines! It is an art which defies analysis. There it is; let us be thankful for it, and be thankful too if we live in a different world. For they are not pleasant people sketched for us here. Henry James takes a harsh, somewhat cynical view of life. But whatever he sees, there is no mistaking the ruthless fidelity with which he reproduces it. The secret of writing the "short" story, as distinguished from the compressed long story, is said to be to know what to leave out. If this is so, we are indeed dealing with a master of the art. A book like this is in no sense easy reading. Much is left to the imagination of the reader, and the crabbed and involved sentences make a heavy demand on his attention. But those who regard fiction as more than a pastime will find "The Soft Side" well repay their study.

THE LOVE THAT LASTS. By Florence Warden. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

The love that lasts is excellent material, and manipulated by Miss Florence Warden, it leads to most satisfactory conclusions. In this case it was given by Fergus Roskeen, who was, we are told, "a braw Hielander"; we are also told that "to know him was to love him" (did not Burns find the same quality in a lady of the same country?), and that his accent became broader as he grew excited, which we should have thought impossible. The "braw Hielander" is, undoubtedly, the hero of the book, and he gave his love to Alison, a young lady endowed with "Juno-like proportions and tender baby face," who was, unfortunately, the bride of Sir Malcolm Roskeen, the "braw Hielander's" cousin. Fergus, we can well believe, was loveable, and Alison commands respect, but Sir Malcolm was quite another sort. He was brave enough as a soldier, but it must be confessed he was but unsatisfactory as a bridegroom. The fact was, he had had sunstroke in Africa, and he suffered from delusions, during which he spoke indiscriminately of "Léonie" and of "Catherine," which was not pleasant hearing for a bride who was called Alison, and who knew she had no sisters-in-law. There was a "Rose," too, and she also suffered from delusions. Altogether the book is full of thrilling scenes and dramatic situations; it contains an old Scotch castle, a locked tower, sullen servants, half-stifled laughter, dangers and mysteries galore. But Alison was level-headed, and Fergus ubiquitous, and they steered admirably through events which were far from admirable, and at the same time really adorned this sensational and most readable story.

THE CONQUEST OF LONDON. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is a story to put you into a good easy humour for an hour or two. Within the limits it sets itself it is perfectly successful, so order it without hesitation or delay. How four orphan sisters, on the strength of a little legacy, suddenly emerged from their extreme though genteel poverty to take London by storm; how they had a great zest for life, and knew as much about the world as blind puppies; how they quite failed to make the impression they intended, but had an excellent time, and were suddenly hurled back into their straits and penury by the exhaustion of their money; and how the friendly millionaire turned up just in the nick of time—well, read it all for your diversion in this diverting tale. It is gay and amusing, and nature is never outraged. The girls are not paragons. To tell the truth, they are the rankest Philistines—not excepting the artist Evelyn. If one were to take the book seriously it might be called one more sign of the pervading materialistic ideal of the time. But that would be to aim a Maxim at a butterfly. And if the girls' aspirations are all worldly, they are not wanting in sentiment and generosity. They must be liked heartily, and this, their chronicles of one season, is sure of popularity.

THE COURTESY DAME. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is Mr. Gilchrist's high-water mark. We have a feeling in reading his new story that he has expressed what he wished to express. He has not wasted words, though he has sometimes used the wrong ones. The book gives one a certain sense of power. Of its intimate knowledge of old-world country life in the Midlands, those who know his former work need not be told. Frankly, we do not think it a very likeable book. We are too often put in mind of a slight infusion of Mr. Hardy with a plentiful admixture of Mr. Benjamin Swift, and yet the result is Mr. Gilchrist's genuine own. Even the affectations are his own, and therefore to be, in a measure, respected. The subject, a very painful one, should have been treated with more dignity. The story reads like one out of the "Group of Noble Dames" unduly expanded, with the sentiment increased to hysterical point, and all the delicate irony omitted. The pushing of the girl into other men's arms by the man who is desperately in love with her, is a horrible tragedy; and yet we have not the feeling it is even dealt with seriously. A book with vigour and character, this nevertheless, which wrings admiration in spite of our antipathy.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES. By Joanna E. Wood. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

She is very impressive, this "daughter of witches," and of course, we find her in very unlikely circumstances, in tame, pious New England surroundings, and with beauty that should have got her the fulfilment of all her will without other witchcraft. But loving a loveable rip of a cousin, she marries a gentle, mystical minister, and the contrariety of events brings out her evil powers. She is an eerie, quiet, subtle witch. The mystic minister adores her, while she is leading him where she will, disturbing his peace of mind, and ruining him before his congregation. But, poor witch, she pays so terribly for her powers, and they are wiped out so tragically in the end, that she draws our pity more than she inspires our terror. The story is well told. The sentiment is often very pretty, for the witchcraft element is not always on the top, and the style would be pleasing save for Miss Wood's bad habit of using French words when there is no need of them. "*Malgré* himself" is bad; so is the "shadowy *verdâtre* of trees."

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Nisbet.)

For our introduction to Mrs. Van Rees, that captivating American widow, we feel no ordinary gratitude. She would carry any book through to triumph. In saying so we are not reflecting on the general qualities of this one; only, we cannot imagine what it would be like without her. She does everything that a clever and shrewd and generous and charming woman should do, even to making the big mistake in the end of marrying that spoilt and attractive and shifty person, "the flower of the flock." Her eyes were so open to his shortcomings, her tongue so ready in gay satire with no taint of bitterness in it, that she ought to have had defences enough against him. But she was strong enough not to be harsh, and luxury-loving enough to let her heart have its own way. One can't help feeling a little nervous about her future, but with-

drawn from the blind worship of his own family, the "flower of the flock" has a more wholesome chance than he has ever had before; and if he bring wrinkles to the fair face of Mrs. Van Rees, well, he will hear of it.

PATH AND GOAL. By Ada Cambridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

Frankly, the path is too long. That good man, Mr. Adrian Black, found it so, too, but though we have no dislike to him, we are a little tired of his company before he gets his heart's desire. And then, having reached it, it is mere wanton cruelty on Miss Cambridge's part to cut short his bliss in a shipwreck. He is quite as interesting as most young men in novels, and if the bliss and the catastrophe had been hurried up we could have felt tenderly towards him. But we meet so many stories on the way that might just as well as not have been the main one that our interest is worn out before we are asked for a supreme exhibition of it. There is very good stuff in the book, a little wasted by the writer's failure to make the best of it.

THE NEW ORDER. By Oswald Crawfurd. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Crawfurd makes something of a fuss about the method of his story. We should not have been aware of any particular method at all if we had not read the dedicatory preface. He calls it a "processional" novel, not a novel with a worked out dramatic plot. It has quite as much plot as most stories have, and it is only "processional" in the sense that it starts off with a bicycling tour of a twin brother and sister interested in the Land Question and the Cause of Progress. The Land Agitation and the Cause of Progress are interrupted, very properly, by romance; but, Mr. Crawfurd assures us, only for a time, and that the continuance of the twins' Procession is still to be onward. For the rest, it is a pleasant enough story, though when it leaves "the road," it begins to flag. And it asks us for belief beyond our powers. That Mr. Robert Sturge could be saved, in a religious sense; even that he could be reformed into a member of society above the average of those that inhabit jails and madhouses, we concede. But that a ruffian whose temper and manners were worse than any violent Whitechapel burglar we have ever known could be turned in a few weeks into a person we should ever care to meet in any place where cudgels were not admitted, we deny. He is a very clumsy study in duality. "The New Order" may amuse a spare hour or so. It may even instruct. We do not refer to its vague advocacy of the vague Cause. But hotel-keepers and hotel-haunters will find guidance for their aspirations in chapter xx.

WINEFRED. By S. Baring Gould. 6s. (Methuen.)

A smuggling tale can never be dull. This "romance of the chalk cliffs" has just enough smuggling flavour to commend it to the adventure-loving, and as there is a high moral attitude maintained towards the free-traders, it can be enjoyed with a comfortable conscience. For others there is a beautiful girl to be fallen in love with. The mystery about her birth and her picturesque setting should satisfy romantic souls. Mr. Baring Gould had a difficult task at the close; but no doubt he will be rewarded by those who prefer the happy ending of the white-wash brush to no happy ending at all. There is a father who has obviously neglected his wife and child. But he is proved to have sent them money regularly, though it miscarried. There is a mother who robbed a dead man and his heir very meanly, but as she did it for her daughter, as the money had been ill-gotten, and as the remainder was stolen from her in turn, her fault is thought hardly worth mentioning. And so the book draws to a peaceful and cheerful close.

THE WORLD'S SLOW STAIN. By Harold Vallings. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

In the hero of Mr. Vallings's story we have an interesting and sympathetic study of character. He is the gay, charming nature that should conquer the world without an effort. But the circumstances of his life are against him. Bred in luxury, he suddenly finds himself a poor subordinate. His wit, his brains, being an offence to his relatives, he finds company he likes better. With all his charm, he has a talent for making enemies. At last, by a series of accidents, he comes to wealth and a fine position, and wins a wife that should make him good and happy. But the black drop that had got into his blood during his struggling days worked itself out with difficulty; and his marriage looks very like turning out a failure. Then a gun-shot and the returning sympathy of his wife do wonders in removing the "world's slow stain." We are mildly and reasonably entertained the while. There are no sudden rises or falls in the interest.

JEZEBEL. By Richard Pryce. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The child rather tamely fulfilled the promise or threat of her terrible name. She was naughty, but quite innocently naughty—the tales of the escapades of her Paris schooldays we frankly disbelieve, since they have neither prelude nor sequel. Yet though far from being a Jezebel, she was anything but tame. On the contrary, she was a most diverting, spirited child and young woman, with a diverting and spirited father and aunt. The book is full of amusing people and of scenes well-contrived to show them at their best and worst; and the main stream of the narrative draws us on by its interest. The appeal of the haughty mother that the woman, from whom she has so long guarded her son, will save him in the end, makes a fine climax. But perhaps the story of Jezebel's childhood is the best portion; and the most graphic scene is certainly where the unconventional brother and sister set off to conquer the county for the sake of the baby.

THE MARRIED MISS BINKS. By John Strange Winter. 3s. 6d (White.)

Admirers of "The Binks Family" will be glad to renew their acquaintance in this volume with the successful milkman and his surroundings; and when they reach the last page they will admit that John Strange Winter has achieved the difficult feat of leaving them still wishing, and even anxious, to hear more of her already well-known characters; an unusual result in the case of a sequel. The present book, as its predecessor, deals to some extent with social evolution, but the struggles upward are of a less varied nature than in the previous volume. The story is bright, light, and sometimes a little discursive; but Anna Binks is again the narrator, and that is a safe assurance that the telling is by no means dull. It is a thoroughly wholesome and amusing book; and there is a real plot in it which is managed in a very effective and satisfactory manner.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. By Ellen Glasgow. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The North may have the greatest output of books—we are referring to the United States—and perhaps the North has given to the world the most lasting literature. But about the books raised in the South there is something their northern rivals cannot rival, cannot even reach. They have charm, a mellow old-world charm that captures and does not let go its hold. Something of this peculiar attraction, best seen in the books of Mr. Cable's earlier days, can be felt in "The Voice of the People." A sleepy old Virginian town, groups of old-world characters, quaint and individual, but with their idiosyncrasies softened and toned by high-bred courtesy and by a sunny clime, are described in a very leisurely fashion. We linger willingly among them. Miss Glasgow is a writer of exceptional power. She knows human nature, and while here she dwells by preference among the more amiable specimens of it, she does not shirk sterner realities. Indeed the story of her central character is so full of pain that we somewhat resent her inexorable treatment of him; at least, we resent her indulgent feelings to Eugenia, the prosperous young woman, who wounded Nicholas sorely, married his rival, and took his tragic death a little too placidly in the end. Among these comfortable, charming folks the personality and career of Nicholas have an added pathos. The hard-used struggler, with the strong will, the clear brain, the inexorable conscience, and the heart that is always unsatisfied, is a hero after a real pattern, made living and near to us by Miss Glasgow's power; of so much interest, indeed, that when he falls, killed in a sorry scuffle, defending a rascal, we think it almost well, life not being inclined to give him much delight. Virginia, with its slow, sleepy ways, its chivalrous instincts, its cautious venturing into the world of progress, and its fine-mannered, restrained regret for the days that are past, lives again in these pages. Yet the centre of it is an eager, forward spirit made for battle, who gets all the fighting he wants in his resolve to cleanse the politics of his state and his time.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER OF EBENEZER LOBB. Related by himself. Edited, with an Appreciation by Allen Upward. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The mistake here is in the "Appreciation." Mr. Upward should have left Ebenezer to speak altogether for himself. He speaks very plainly. There is nothing subtle about Ebenezer. Whatever be the demerits of his literary style, his every word

describes himself. He is the lower middle-class snob; the man with the thickest possible hide; with just as much brains as enable him to talk of every subject he is incapable of understanding; the man who must be in everything—religion, politics, athletics, literature—and who makes an equal ass of himself in each. Ebenezer is worth satirising. He is an ubiquitous person, a very real and very present nuisance—unhappily quite uneradicable, quite irredeemable. But his portrait here drawn will be a kind of consolation to many whom he has annoyed and to some whom he has amused. It is drawn in broad, even in coarse lines. But fine shading would not be effectual in his case. Ebenezer is broad and coarse. Yet Mr. Upward is very shrewd, and he probes below the hard, shiny surface of this consummate bully, toady, and bore for the less obvious parts of him. There he finds the manuscript of a treatise on "Shakesperian Punctuation." We may say "Shakespeare and the Temperance Cause" had been a likelier theme, but Mr. Upward has studied Lobb more nearly than have we, and we give way to his superior knowledge.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SAILING ALONE ROUND THE WORLD. By Joshua Slocum. 8s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

In these days when every Cook's tourist must needs inflict his "impressions" upon a long-suffering public, it is infinitely refreshing to come across a genuine book of travel. Captain Slocum has attained the summit of modern ambition and set up a "world's record" by sailing singlehanded round it. In this absorbing book he has told us in bluff sailor fashion how he did it. The absolute simplicity of his style is typical of the man. There is no rhetoric, no exaggeration, nothing but the plain unvarnished story of his wanderings. The intrepid captain is, of course, an American, and, like all Americans, longs to immortalise even the most ephemeral jokes. But, thorough Yankee as he is, he is wise enough to feel friendly towards Englishmen; and it is pleasant to read of the kindness which he everywhere received at their hands. Decidedly this should prove one of the most popular books of travel of the season.

SAVONAROLA. A Drama. By W. J. Dawson. (Richards.)

Mr. Dawson has made a very interesting attempt to interpret Savonarola in a way adapted for the stage. His play is serious and dignified in tone as becomes its subject. But it is very insubstantial. No doubt there is a good deal to be said for the simplification of a character for dramatic purposes, but the process may be carried much too far. And, we think, that is the case here. The religious side of the great friar is not altogether ignored, of course, but such stress is laid on him as political reformer and patriot that his other vocation is quite overshadowed. Now this treatment suits Savonarola very ill. He is a thin figure here. With him one must not merely allude, in passing, to his puritanism; one must emphasise the force and the fiery passion of it at every moment, else the likeness goes. Was Felice put in to add to the human interest? Surely a love romance was not needed; and when she says, "I will have roses in my coffin—not lilies—they are too cold—roses, roses, roses [*hysterically*], all along the road to God," we wish her away. But the scene with the dying Lorenzo at Carreggi is good; and Mr. Dawson has shown skill in adapting Savonarola's own words in several passages of the play.

FRA ANGELICO. By Langton Douglas. 12s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

In this sumptuous volume on Fra Angelico's life and work the author has performed both a real service to all who care to know of the artist behind his art, and a generous act towards the man who has suffered more than most "old masters" have suffered from the undiscerning hero-worship of friends and the inevitable reaction which follows all such laudations. Mr. Langton Douglas, leaving severely alone all mere traditions and existing criticisms, has drawn a fresh and unbiassed picture of Fra Angelico, based on contemporary documents and the work of the artist himself, the result being that we at last see a man, not quite what his contemporary admirers have, in their exaggerated language, declared him to be, and certainly not quite what some modern critics have affirmed him to be, but simply an artist—primarily an artist—who happened to be a saint. We have here all that can be gathered of the life, but the main motive of the book is the artist's work, which is treated of elaborately and with sympathetic appreciation and understanding, showing the nature of the man, the influences which swayed him and formed his style, and his gradual advancement in power, towards perfection. The illustrations in this volume number over sixty, some of which are really beautiful reproductions of the paintings, telling, by themselves, the friar's artistic history. The photogravure of "San Lorenzo giving Alms," which may, perhaps, be termed his masterpiece, forms a fitting frontispiece to this genuine art book.

THE APOCALYPSE. An Introductory Study of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. By Edward White Benson, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

The Archbishop's daughter, who so competently edits this book, tells us that for many years her father worked at it before breakfast, and on any unoccupied Sunday afternoons. In 1896 he was able to write, "Have now practically finished a big book, unless I add a few of the Greek comments. If it ever sees the light many will think it a very odd book." Certainly it is not constructed on the lines laid down by recent criticism. The Apocalypse is treated as an integer, and none of the multitudinous schemes of division and allotment to various authors is discussed. In fact, recent criticism is alluded to only in connection with the supposed reference of certain allusions in the book to the Emperor Nero, an opinion which is ably and strikingly contested by the Archbishop. The central portion of the volume is a translation, and this is on the whole the most acceptable contribution which Dr. Benson makes. But there is also something to be learned from the Essays which accompany it, especially from that which is entitled "A Grammar of Ungrammar." This is thoroughly original, very ingenious, and frequently convincing. The volume will secure a place in the literature of the Apocalypse, not only in virtue of its Archiepiscopal authorship, but by reason of some of its suggestions which cannot be overlooked.

SOME WORTHIES OF THE IRISH CHURCH. Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin by the late George Thomas Stokes, D.D. Edited by Hugh Jackson Lawlor, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dr. Stokes was a man of extensive and varied erudition, strong feelings and pronounced opinions, enthusiastically loyal to his Church, and possessed of abundant Irish wit which occasionally had a sting in it that made him formidable. The Lectures now published may be looked upon as a memorial volume, although his own declared intention was to issue at least some of the material now printed. The Worthies here embalmed are Dr. Lingard, Dudley Loftus, Narcissus Marsh, Dr. King, and St. Colman of Lindisfarne; and the biographical sketches of these benefactors of the Church are so treated as not only to be very interesting reading, but also to throw much light on Ireland and her ecclesiastical condition in the past. It would have been a thousand pities had the vast amount of information conveyed in these lectures been allowed to lie unpublished. They form a solid contribution to history.

PURITAN PREACHING IN ENGLAND. A Study of Past and Present. By John Brown, B.A., D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The eminent men who are annually appointed to deliver the "Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching" in Yale University must, as their first qualification, possess ingenuity enough to discover a point of view which has not been preoccupied by some happier predecessor. Dr. Brown may certainly be congratulated on selecting a theme which is at once familiar to him and unhackneyed to his hearers. By "Puritan" he means those preachers who have laid more stress upon Scripture than upon ecclesiastical institutions; so that by this adroit and suggestive definition he throws his net round such big game as the Preaching Friars and Wickliffe and Colet. The Cambridge Puritans have a chapter to themselves, while another is devoted to Thomas Goodwin and the Cambridge Platonists, and so he reaches Bunyan and Baxter. As modern representatives, Binney and Spurgeon, Dale and Maclaren are selected, and an instructive sketch of these great preachers and their methods closes a singularly pleasant and useful volume.

BABYLONIANS AND ASSYRIANS: LIFE AND CUSTOMS. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. (John C. Nimmo.)

In the hands of Mr. Nimmo this new "Semitic Series" is safe, so far as regards outward appearance. The publisher's

well-known taste is conspicuous in paper, type, binding, and size. He has also been happy in his choice of an editor, for it is within the mark to say that no living scholar is better fitted for such a post than Professor Craig of Michigan. This first volume of the series bears evidence that he does not mean his editing to be restricted to a mere selection of writers. Professor Sayce furnishes us with a most interesting account of all that can reasonably be included under his title, the family, education, slavery and free labour, wages and prices, trades, the army, government, letter-writing and religion. No doubt the material for such a description is now abundant, but it requires skill to decipher, to select, to arrange; and the simple truth is we are surprised that these old-world people and their ways can be made so entertaining.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. A Practical Exposition. By Charles Gore, M.A., D.D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. (John Murray.)

In adding to the already unmanageable accumulation of commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans, Canon Gore finds his justification in two facts: that he writes for readers who are educated but not scholarly, and that this part of Scripture, "partly owing to its interpretation at the period of the Reformation and by some Evangelicals of later date, is still practically to a great extent viewed with discomfort and neglected by those who most value the name of Catholic." Here then we have the key-note at once frankly struck. One cannot but wonder that "the name of Catholic" should be valued when it fails to cover the thing denoted. What is that Catholicity worth which unchurches the best part of contemporary Christendom? What is that idea of the Church worth which does not include Spurgeon, Dale, Maclaren, Fairbairn, Carey, Livingstone? We are not surprised to be told that Luther was "hopelessly wrong" in his account of the faith that justifies. Those who are at the trouble to check Mr. Gore's statement by Luther's own writings, or by Ritschl's or Köstlin's account of his doctrine, will know to whom the opprobrium of being "hopelessly wrong" attaches. If Luther fares badly at Mr. Gore's hands, Calvin fares worse. He rebukes Matthew Arnold for admitting that in the ninth chapter of the Epistle St. Paul "falls into Calvinism." Matthew Arnold was at any rate candid and had no object to serve in interpreting St. Paul. Does Mr. Gore remember one of Gibbon's piquant notes: "The Church of Rome has canonised Augustin and reprobated Calvin. Yet as the real difference between them is invisible even to a theological microscope, the Molinists are oppressed by the authority of the saint, and the Jansenists are disgraced by their resemblance to the heretic. In the meanwhile the Protestant Arminians stand aloof and deride the mutual perplexity of the disputants. Perhaps a reasoner still more independent may smile in his turn, when he peruses an Arminian commentary on the Epistle to the Romans." Canon Gore, as every one knows, is an able man and a forcible writer, and much may be learned from this commentary. Here, for example, is one of the wise sayings which he casually drops: "A great part of the evil of the world comes through people not thinking out what they really mean and believe." In the Appendix especially there is much valuable matter; but Mr. Gore sometimes forgets that what he has proposed to himself in these volumes is not to give us his own ideas of justification and predestination, but to explain St. Paul's ideas.

A CONCORDANCE TO FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. By J. R. Tutin. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Every lover of FitzGerald's immortal version of Omar Khayyam owes Mr. Tutin a debt of gratitude. His compilation is a full index to the use of every separate and distinct word contained in the last edition, also to the vocabulary of the first edition of 1859. All variations from these—in the second and third editions and elsewhere—also find a place. In fact, it is practically a complete Index to the poem in all its forms. Frequent testing has proved to us the accuracy and completeness of Mr. Tutin's work. Comparison of the different versions is now at last made easy, and references can be verified with speed. In the poem itself he has found an appropriate motto for his book.

"Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute."

The volume is well printed and tastefully and solidly bound in white parchment.

WHAT *IS* THOUGHT? OR THE PROBLEM OF PHILOSOPHY BY WAY OF A GENERAL CONCLUSION SO FAR. By James Hutchison Stirling, LL.D. (T. and T. Clark.)

To style, to lucidity, Dr. Hutchison Stirling makes no pretension, as may be gathered from the obscure title under which he introduces his book to the world, and from the frequent occurrence of uncouth expressions, as when he says of Schelling that "he did yet take the big over" [Hegel]. His defence of philosophical terminology is sound enough. Of Hegel he says, "There *was* the *dialect*, but it came legitimately *from* him, just as it had come legitimately *to* him from Kant and the rest. The dialect itself is, as a dialect, legitimate enough; *it only wants to be learned.*" But when to the difficulties of the Hegelian dialect is added a style that is frequently obscure, it must be said that Dr. Stirling does all in his power to warn off casual readers. And we can give no higher praise to his work than to say that the matter of it is so valuable that it is well worth the serious student's while to penetrate to the heart of its meaning. Besides, it is only fair to say that the sustained philosophical argument is interspersed with wit, and once at least interrupted and relieved by a most interesting account of the personal relations of Schelling and Hegel. Dr. Stirling, though by no means a blind devotee of Hegel, is his most intelligent exponent, and in this volume he aims at showing how in his hands the fundamental problem of philosophy received a solution purged from the error of Spinoza, Kant, and Schelling. His conclusion is, "Hegel, without a thought that was unctuous, without a word that was *patelin*, lived—indeed we may say it—*in* God and *to* God.

I Am That I Am—I Am That I Am—I Am That I Am:
That to Hegel was all."

EPHESIAN STUDIES: Expository Readings on the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians. By the Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Those who have used Professor Moule's Philippian and Colossian Studies will give a cordial welcome to this volume, which completes his exposition of the Pauline Epistles of the First Imprisonment at Rome. The mode of treatment adopted with the Ephesian Epistle is the same as that which Dr. Moule has applied so successfully to the others. And it commends itself as being that which at present is most required. There is scarcely room for any elaborate examination of the Greek text, but there is always room for the attempt "to bring the reader into closer contact" with the words and meaning of the Apostolic writer. Professor Moule, it need not be said, is a ripe New Testament scholar, with a very thorough sympathy with Pauline teaching, and no one is better fitted either by temperament, training, or religious affinities to mediate between the great Christian teacher and the Christian public.

SPAIN: THE STORY OF A JOURNEY. By Jozef Israëls. With Photogravure Portrait and Thirty-Nine Reproductions of Drawings by the Author. Translated from the Dutch by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Nimmo.)

The old man garrulous is not always a bore. Here we find him altogether charming,—picturesque, humorous, delightful. We have lingered over his book and turned an extra leaf at the end in hope of a few words more,—even an epilogue or farewell. There is something delightfully natural in the venerable painter's account of his trip through Spain with his son and his son's friend. They were a merry trio, and if the old man slipped away occasionally for a meditative walk by himself, he was not offended if he woke from a nap to find the two young birds off on an expedition of their own. They were in the best of humours all the time, and rejoiced together in the light and colour and grace and beauty, and above all in the flooding sunshine of the south. "The little town lay swooning beneath the sun," says Mr. Israëls in one of his artist phrases. He makes it appear a delight even to "swoon" under such a sun. The book has nothing in common with the ordinary guide book or tourist's diary. It should be placed on the same shelf as Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey." Mr. Israëls' experiences of donkeys and their ways is somewhat similar to Stevenson's. The Spanish donkey is charming when you acknowledge him as master of the situation and accept with pious humility the treatment he chooses to mete out to you, but not till then. Mr. Israëls has pen as well as brush, and the artist's eye always. His fascinating gift of piquant phrasing, his vivacity, simplicity and sincerity, as well as the charming drawings which adorn his pages, make the book one of the most attractive we have seen for long.

DARNLEY. By David Graham. 5s. net. (Constable.)

Is there a more delightful quality than youth? When the young man ventures on tragedy-writing, with just this quality of youth for weapon and torch, he is not successful; but he is always attractive. Mr. Graham may be of venerable years, but however many winters have passed over his head, he still has that charm which most of us lose so early.

PHYSICIAN.
(To MARY L.) Give me the smelling salts.

RUTHVEN.
(*Aside.*) O that your smelling-salts
Could touch the roots of this dire malady!

Where have we heard something like that before? It recalls some scrawled schoolboy manuscript written in blood and tears and youthful vanity; and we are affected more than we are by Shakespeare. This is only redolent of private theatricals:—

"Alack, alack!
I see a storm frowning deathfully,
Charged wi' blue flames and sulphur, o'er this State."

But in the piled up, strong, and really very bad language which nearly all the characters use—especially the Queen, causing Ruthven to cry out, not without reason, "Here's cursing, piping-hot and peppery!" and again, "Yea, by the Rood, we have the worst of this,"—in this strong, bad language we hear again the tones of the phantom boy-dramatist, dead, alas, in most of us; and "Darnley" has not been written in vain.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Churchman's A B C, The, 6d. .....Nisbet
[*Gives in a simple and compact style information on the Prayer Book, and other vital matters at present so hotly discussed. Its method is helpful, and its effect should be to lead to fuller reading on the subject.*]

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by J. Hastings, D.D., Vol. III., 28/- T. & T. Clark

DRUMMOND, Rev. R. J., B.D.—The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ, 10/6..T. & T. Clark

OWEN, JOHN WELLINGTON, B.A.—"I Say Unto You."
[*An able essay on progress in religion, written with moderation and thought.*]

SLATER, FRANK.—Church Discipline and Auricular Confession, 1/- Stockwell
[*In this volume is traced the growth of church discipline from the simple confession of offences to the recognised system of "confessionals."*]

Spiritual Life and Prayer, The. Translated from the French by the Benedictines of Stanbrook.....Art & Book Co.

WILLIAMS, Rev. T. LLOYD, B.A.—Thy Kingdom Come, 3/6 Wells Gardner
[*A striking collection of sermons. The author's preface, too, touching on the tendencies of the day, is well worth attention.*]

FICTION.

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BARING-GOULD, S.—Winefred, 6/- ..... Methuen

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CRAWFURD, OSWALD.—The New Order, 6/- ..... Richards

CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, R. B.—Thirteen Stories, 6/- .. Heinemann

DAVIS, W. S.—A Friend of Cæsar, 6/-.....Macmillan

DIX, GERTRUDE.—The Image Breakers, 6/-.....Heinemann

DOYLE, Dr. C. W.—The Shadow of Quong Lung, 3/6.....Constable
[*Remarkable ability is shown both in the conception and in the telling of these tales of China town. The author knows the country and the people "right through," and has reproduced the atmosphere with remarkable faithfulness. The stories are full of interest and exciting situations.*]

DOYLE, MINA (Mrs. CHARLES W. YOUNG).—On Parole, 3/6 .. Long
[*John Armstrong possessed a powerful form and a still more powerful will, but he was conquered when he looked upon "feminine tears." Violet Armstrong—who had married and left the strong hero ten years before the tale begins—is a bundle of emotions. A woman who could not weep would not have had the ghost of a chance with John; but there is no doubt about Violet's capability; we have great effects and some diversion before the quite satisfactory end is reached.*]

ELLIS, EDWARD S.—Iron Heart, 2/6 .....Cassell
[*A pulse-quickening story. Three brothers start down the river Catsuga in a canoe, and managed to get through the savage lines. The great Chief, Iron Heart, besieges them, and what follows is worth knowing.*]

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—Monica, 1/6 .....Ward, Lock
[*A brightly-told love story of "Monica," who was beautiful, and lived in a castle by the Cornish sea. Monica was sensible, but not too sensible; and when she was merely charming and a little wilful, Fate took care of her, and cleared up the misunderstandings quite satisfactorily.*]

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The Conquest of London, 6/- .... .Methuen

GERARD, MORICE.—The Man of the Moment, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock
[*A lively novel of political intrigue, plot, and diplomacy. As for the hero—"In the dress-shoes of the big, blonde, strikingly handsome, grey-eyed giant, there stood the most remarkable man of the day, certainly in Europe, probably in the world." After that we are surprised at nothing—merely pleased.*]

GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—The Courtesy Dame, 6/-.....Heinemann

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[*Sonia Leniloff had a nasty temper, and a disproportionate way of seeing and doing things. Because, one night, her lover gambled away more money than he could well afford, and killed himself, she curbed her awful grief, made a high sounding vow of vengeance, and went about making things uncomfortable for the wrong persons. But Sonia was not an ordinary girl—she had "wonderful eyes which seemed to flash electric rays into your soul, whoever you might be." A mere glance would seem to have been vengeance sufficient, but the story contains far more direful things than that, and yet ends fairly comfortably.*]

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[*Things had really twisted themselves into such a coil at one point in this story, that we felt sure they could never become altogether straight again. That was our mistake. After crimes and adventures of breathless interest, dangers and despair sufficient to kill half the characters, only the proper persons come to a bad end. A most satisfactory book.*]

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[*The aim of this book is not fine writing; the author often wastes himself over ineffective details. But there is a strong thread running through the story, and some of the characters are impressive.*]

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